AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM;

OR,

AN EXTENUATION

OF THE CONDUCT OF

The French Revolutioniſts,

FROM

THE 14th OF JULY, 1789,

UNTIL

THE 17th OF JANUARY, 1793.

WITH A POLITICAL

INTRODUCTION AND POSTSCRIPT,

EXPLANATORY OF THE AUTHOR'S MOTIVES FOR PUBLISHING THE SAID WORK.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

BY CHARLES JAMES,

CAPTAIN *in the* WESTERN REGIMENT *of* MIDDLESEX MILITIA; AND AUTHOR OF POEMS, *dedicated with Permiſſion*, TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES; HINTS TO LORD RAWDON, CORRECTION OF ABUSES, TARRARE, *&c.*

I will nothing falſely *extenuate,*
Nor ſet down aught in malice. SHAKESPEARE.

Abuſe, condemn me for the Facts I bring;
Yet *own!* I love my Country and my King.

C. J.

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DEDICATION.

To thoſe Men who are either a Curſe or a Bleſſing to Community.

GENTLEMEN,

I Will not anticipate your ſentiments by an unequivocal avowal of my motives for republiſhing a Work, which has already been widely miſconſtrued, and is now equally expoſed to miſinterpretation.

The * *Quo animo ſcriptum* is your ſtandard of determination on every ſubject of judicial Enquiry, and the * *Cui bono* ſhould be the iſſue of it.

To you, therefore, I dedicate this New Edition, in the fulleſt confidence that you will never deviate from the written Law of the Land, and the natural dictates of Juſtice

* The *intent*—for what *good* purpoſe.

and ſound ſenſe.—If ever you *ſhould*, on that ſpirit of candour and impartiality which mark a generous nation, thoſe men will ever repoſe who are neither awed by coercive inſolence, nor impreſſed with ſhame by the ridicule of Pride and Folly.

I have the Honour to be, with the moſt profound Reſpect,

GENTLEMEN,

Your very obedient humble Servant,

CHARLES JAMES.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

THE moſt unbounded circulation of contradictory reports relative to the general character of the French, ſince the commencement of their Revolution, firſt induced me to commit ſuch facts to print, as I knew could at all times be ſupported. Hazarding, from no other motive than a ſincere attachment to truth, my individual opinion on many circumſtances, which, *partially* conſidered, excite abhorrence, I was well aware of the ſtubborn diſbelief that any ſort of Apology or *Extenuation* of them muſt encounter; but I was not prepared to meet a ſtudied miſinterpretation.

The candid manner with which I have endeavoured to account for deeds that ſhock humanity, might have been anſwered by ſomething more convincing than obſtinate contradiction. But I know how difficult it is to perſuade where there is either intereſt to combat, or prepoſſeſſion to diſlodge. When national prejudices are allied to private ſentiments, truth is baffled by perverſion; and a parapet of incredulity

is raiſed to preclude enquiry. Theſe obſtacles to a juſt diſcrimination, have not only exiſted where experience might have proved them falſe, but they have been ungenerouſly ſtrengthened where candour and liberality *ſhould* have ſeconded conviction.

Cuſtom (that natural enemy to truth) has, in no one inſtance of political opinion, appeared ſo predominant, as in the one before us. The moſt melancholy picture of public calamities is not only hung up for public obſervation, with all the auxiliaries of deſcriptive horror; but partial ſketches are likewiſe induſtriouſly forced upon every private circle. Hence the ready acquieſcence to all relations, however monſtrous, which can tarniſh the country; and hence that invincible oppoſition to facts which might eraſe aſperſion. It has been aſked, indeed perſonally ſo, what motives an individual in Great Britain could have for undertaking the defence of foreigners? And it has been ſuggeſted that whoever could vindicate the proceedings of a *natural* enemy, eſpecially in a Revolution, *muſt* be diſaffected. And are the limits of information become ſo contracted to Engliſhmen, that antipathies muſt be firſt conſulted before the mind can ſtretch beyond them to ſcrutinize events? Is the wiſdom and the native valour of this iſland reduced

duced to ſo frail a texture that their apparent conſiſtency can only be preſerved by an unqualified excluſion of every thing which tries its nature? Or are we *alone* arrived at ſuch a pitch of human perfection that nothing new can aid or benefit enquiry? If there be a melancholy truth (which God forbid there ſhould!) in the firſt of theſe important queſtions, does it not become every honeſt well-wiſher to the Conſtitution, to tear away the maſk, and to convince mankind that the ſuperiority we have ſo glorioufly maintained for *one* century at leaſt, is in the unvarniſhed freedom of the land? If the latter be the enviable lot of Great Britain, is ſhe not ſeated upon a rock, round which the ſtorms and tempeſts of other countries muſt beat in vain, and from which philanthropy might relieve the ignorant and the unhappy? But as neither of theſe queſtions are appoſite to any one government or country upon earth, it is ſurely praiſe-worthy, not to add moſt ſeriouſly neceſſary, to watch events under whatever aſpect, or in whatever ſhape they may appear.

When Mr. Burke's memorable effuſion of fancy burſt upon the awakened curioſity of Europe, every Engliſhman, I hope, believed that his production, (being the fruit of ſeveral years' experience, and the

gorgeous manufactory of twelve months' laboured compoſition) would not only aſcertain the goodneſs of our own conſtitution and governmcnt, but be the means of ſettling the diſtracted ſtate of France. Unfortunately for both, no other effect, it is to be lamented, has hitherto been viſible, than in ſome partial diſunion of political ſentiments at home, and an uniform averſion abroad. Like a flame of fire, in the uncertainty of opinion, truth is only to be obtained by unremitted colliſion; and the ſparks, falling from two oppoſite extremes, if brought into contact, and properly collected, may produce the greateſt bleſſing. Eager to fix his object of diſcuſſion upon the imaginary horizon of intellectual light, the common aid of facts was rejected, and mere report became the ſtandard of deciſion. How long he ſuſtained the imagery time has proved. But events have not yet ſhewn, ſo powerfully as they hereafter muſt, the dangerous tendency of every mind which, from private feeling or partial prejudice, gives a looſe to fiction. It is a queſtion, which I believe will ſoon be reſolved, whether there be more danger in the ſimple Pamphlet that has been branded as a libel, or in the decorated code of ariſtocratic privileges; but there cannot be a queſtion as to the little ſervice either has done to civilized community.

I have

I have the preſumption to aſſert, that this country would have been more benefited by the temperate ſuggeſtions of many calm obſervers, during the French Revolution, than ſhe could poſſibly be by two extremes, which, however oppoſite in theory, are equally fallacious and detrimental in practice. But the miſchief is done. We are thrown out of that peaceful latitude which afforded the moſt glorious opportunities for Engliſh perſeverance, to ſecure permanent advantage. We were riſing faſt into national opulence; and while private property was hourly increaſing by the induſtry of individuals, the public burthens were rapidly leſſened by an accumulating ſurplus of revenue. *Sed heu Spes inanes et irritus hominum labor!*

That I may not appear to have wandered from the purport of this Introduction, I muſt requeſt the reader to carry with him throughout the peruſal of the ſubſequent pamphlet, an unequivocal knowledge of my motives for publiſhing it. In ſo doing, he will not only acquit me of every ſort of wiſh to juſtify or extenuate, where, as an individual, I feel diſguſt and horror; but likewiſe ſee the the propriety of judging with

with coolneſs where as a citizen at large *, (and ſuch, I truſt, may exiſt without injuring the partial patriotiſm of one's native land) he might collect the means of ſerving his own country from what occurs in others. Should I, as ſome people, have been pleaſed to ſuggeſt, have yielded with unlimited belief to tales of imagined cruelties, while diſtant from them, I have only placed myſelf in the ſituation of almoſt every inhabitant of France, and I thereby ſtrengthen the primary ground-work of my argument. But if, on the other hand, facts ſanctioned by the beſt authorities, are added to my perſonal knowledge of many cruelties, is the production of them to be wilfully miſconſtrued becauſe prejudice overawes conviction?

When an author †—And I am proud of the appellation, although ſenſible of my little pretenſions to

* As Patriotiſm, like falſe honour, in becoming the cant-word of knaves, is almoſt always their paſſport to the weak and credulous: ſo Loyalty, I fear, like exceſs of paſſion, is too often the gilded avenue through which the proud, the vain, and the ambitious riſe.

† A very modern nobleman (who only values a man for his talents and acquiſitions ſo long as they are rendered ſubſervient to

to it—publiſhes to the world what he has witneſſed himſelf, he is, I truſt, entitled to that latitude of comment which is the ſpring and vigor of diſcuſſion. It is ungenerous, on an occaſion of this ſort, to affix motives from conjecture, or to miſinterpret from deſign. In the preſent effervescence of the public mind, heated by alarms and perpetually kept in agitation by foreign and domeſtic rumours, it is my lot, I fear, to be peculiarly diſtinguiſhed by the full indulgence of them both. Ungracious as it muſt appear to others, and aukward as it is to myſelf, I am under the unpleaſant neceſſity of introducing this edition with little leſs than Egotiſm. But as I do not write to thoſe who are *determined* to diſbelieve, the candid will excuſe what neither pride nor intereſt can perhaps forgive. They will ſeparate private prejudice from public obſervation, and, until convicted of the contrary, allow an individual that independence of opinion which every Engliſhman has a right to poſſeſs: it will be anſwered, that this is not a time for opinion, eſpecially on a ſubject which muſt be peculiarly

to his vanity) on being reproached by a writer for having taken unwarrantable liberties with his reputation, once tauntingly aſked him the *price of an author's time*—Contemptuouſly judging, no doubt, that mental qualifications could be as eaſily proſtituted, as perſonal marks of honour and diſtinction.

grating

grating to the country at large from every appearance of approaching war. I muſt be bold enough to differ with the generality of my friends, and to maintain that there never exiſted a fairer opportunity to diſplay the advantages *our* Conſtitution affords, by giving a forcible contraſt to its virtues in the deplorable calamities of the French. If the horrid exceſſes committed during the Revolution can be accounted for in the lamentable effects of a vicious government, into how ſtrong a light, would not the excellence of our's be drawn if it were cleared of its abuſes *. From the curſory obſervations I have taken the liberty to make, it will not be difficult to diſcover that I have written the *Extenuation* on the moſt juſtifiable principles. I do not arrogate to myſelf extraordinary virtue or philanthropy, for having (unconnected as I am, and always have been with any ſet of men or meaſures) voluntarily ſtepped forward in a cauſe ſo peculiarly ungracious to the majority of this country. If it ſhould be inſinuated that I have written from vanity, or, to uſe a

* Before the landed property of this iſland appeared endangered by the progreſs of the French arms and the miſtaken idea of *Equality*, the Legiſlative branches were in open oppoſition to one another—It was difficult to diſcover whether the Conſtitution ranged againſt the Government, or the Government againſt the Conſtitution, would yield to *neceſſity*.

 vulgar,

vulgar, but a juſt expreſſion, for the ſake of Notoriety, that vanity, I truſt, is laudable ſince the object of enquiry is the developement of truth. The ingenious Monſieur de Lolme (a foreigner) has been juſtly celebrated for his able diſſertation on the Conſtitution of England; it cannot ſurely be criminal to exalt the ſame glorious fabrick, by expoſing the defects of a neighbouring Edifice? Mr. Burke has not ſcrupled to hazard, from report, the ſtrangeſt mixture of courteous language and uncivil ſentiments on the Revolution of France; while the followers of reviving chivalry have formed a phalanx of miſconſtruction to ſupport their leader. The ſame right, I preſume, is the inherited property of every man who, while he ſubmits to the conſtitution of the land he lives in, is not to be excluded from a general obſervation of others. That there are perſons in this metropolis expreſsly hired by the exiled offſpring of the laſt government, to infuſe diſguſt and hatred through every channel of miſinterpretation, might be readily proved, if the flimzy texture of their compoſitions were worth unravelling. But as vague aſſertion, obſtinate contradiction, and all the ſpecious abſurdities of ſtale compariſon ſeldom laſt longer than fear or intereſt give them weight, it would be lending importance to the rapid decay of vapoury nonſenſe,

were its arguments ſeriouſly canvaſſed; eſpecially, when there is ſcarcely *one* out of an unconnected jumble of antient and modern illuſtration to counteract a Revolution which mocks all precedent, that is not elbowed up by perſonal abuſe *.

Of the deſultory manner in which I have ventured to publiſh my ſentiments, I think it neceſſary to ſay that through a continual change of ſituation, I have been able to preſerve leſs method than the ſubject merits; and I am fully convinced, that had the manifold circumſtances, which now appear in a mutilated form, been properly arranged, there would

* P. S. Poſterity will unqueſtionably ſmile at the ridiculous mode of reaſoning which is almoſt univerſally adopted by a certain ſet of men, and their ſupporters—When an argument appears unanſwerable, it is the faſhion of the hour to endeavour to cruſh its validity by referring the public to birth, parentage, and education. If an author ſhould unfortunately be of *low* and *vulgar* extraction, (witneſs the illiberal account which has been given of Mr. Thomas Pain by a Mr. Oldys) the book he publiſhes, however marked by ſenſe and information, is received with a mixture of contempt and anger by more than half his contemporaries, becauſe there are not arms or a creſt to decorate its title page *. So true it is, that as pride and ignorance almoſt always go together, intereſt, prejudice, and miſconſtruction never are aſunder.

* A modern writer, of ſome humour, lately aſked a *new-created* nobleman's permiſſion to have his creſt and coronet engraved upon the title page of a poem on the peerage of Ireland.

have

have been little occaſion to introduce the work by Preface or Introduction. It will be thought an exceſs of preſumptuous ſelf-ſufficiency to conclude, by aſſerting that inſtead of being injured, religion, morality, and good government *(the reſult of both,)* will be materially benefited by an unprejudiced ſurvey of the contents of the Extenuation. To the thinking mind the interpoſition of Providence will be viſible in the awful vengeance which has followed the moſt vicious exceſſes that ever ſtained humanity for a ſucceſſion of ages. The court of Verſailles and its capital will, like Sodom and Gomorah, be marked out as deplorable inſtances of guilt and depravity; and other courts may be warned againſt ſimilar corruptions, by a timely ſeceſſion from meaſures which muſt eventually lead to ſimilar calamities.

To the candid, therefore, and to the conſiſtent part of Engliſhmen *only*, theſe ſheets are addreſſed; to the Politician they are with diffidence ſubmitted; and to mankind at large ſincerely dedicated.

The following is Dr. JOHNSON's *interpretation of the word* EXTENUATION, *which is ſubmitted to the reflection of the prejudiced and unbelieving; but moſt eſpecially to the cool inveſtigation of thoſe who have either wilfully miſinterpreted, or ignorantly decided upon the meaning of the fore-going Title-page:*

EXTENUATION—*n. s.* (from *extenuate*). The act of repreſenting things *leſs ill* than they are; contrary to aggravation; palliation.

*** Since the whole of the Copy of this Pamphlet was firſt committed to Preſs, ſeveral opinions have been delivered in Parliament, tending to the ſame diſcuſſion. I am proud to find that I am not ſo ſingular in many of my ſentiments, but that ſome can be illuſtrated from what has been lately publiſhed by a Right Honourable Member, as much diſtinguiſhed for his uncommon abilities, as he is deſervedly eſteemed for an unequivocal tenor of conduct through life.

PRE-

PREFACE.

AS every circumſtance, however trifling, that may confirm aſſertion, and conciliate belief, cannot be ſuperfluous, the perſonal teſtimony of the AUTHOR will perhaps ſuſpend, if it does not entirely do away, the prejudices of many individuals. Having in ſeveral of the annotations repeatedly affirmed that, during the wildeſt paroxiſm of popular rage, there has not been a ſingle inſtance of *premeditated* cruelty equal to what has been invariably practiſed by the * preſent enemies of the French Revolution, he begs leave to add, that within theſe laſt fifteen years he has been an eye-witneſs of almoſt all the barbarities—thoſe of Damien and the Ruſſian Knout excepted—which have ſo miſerably ſtained the annals of civilization—He has ſeen a father and two ſons extended upon the rack—a woman conſigned to ſlow fire, after her breaſts had been torn off with red-hot irons, and the living marrow made to waſte in her bones by the application of burning inſtruments;

* N. B. This Pamphlet was written before the court of Great Britain had *publickly* interfered with the French.

he has ſeen in the market place of a capital city belonging to the Houſe of Auſtria a diſcoloured ſtone (which may ſtill remain) that points out where four fellow-creatures were condemned to ſuffer the repreſented horrors of hell. The houſes were crowded with ſpectators, to ſee the victims of fanaticiſm caſt into a burning pile of faggots, and as they crawled out, to behold their black and mangled bodies forced back by the pitch-forks of a ring of executioners;—he has ſeen, (ſince the deſtruction of the Baſtille) a woman, whoſe huſband had been murdered, after the repeated violation of her perſon before him by the privates of a regiment now acting againſt the French; and he has heard upon the ſpot, (from authority no man would doubt) of the moſt horrid barbarities indulged by ſatiated luſt upon pregnant women; of children maſſacred before their mothers, and girls deflowered with all the wantonneſs of mirthful but excruciating paſſion: On the demolition of the Baſtille, (where as it was *then* his good-fortune it is *now* his boaſt to have been one of the many hundreds who removed a ſtone from that monument of tyranny) he was conducted down with flambeaux to the interrogatory dungeon where many an innocent man had been tortured into an avowal of crimes he had never committed. If the con-

conſciouſneſs of ſuch cruelty, exerciſed during the deſpotic influence of prieſts, concubines, and miniſters*, may have rendered him leſs ſuſceptible of horror

* As many, perhaps the greateſt part, of the exaggerated cruelties ſo induſtriouſly attributed to the French nation, may be traced among the eccleſiaſtical emigrants now in England, the ſubſequent extract from the Private Memoirs of the Mareſchal de Richelieu, will ſhew how immaculate ſome of thoſe modern apoſtles are, when power and intereſt afford them the means to be like other mortals, mere fleſh and blood. The paſſage will likewiſe prove, that the miſeries of the people have been invariably occaſioned by the vices of their rulers.

The Duke of Richelieu had ſeveral whimſical miſunderſtandings with the Cardinal Dubois. It was perhaps a fortunate circumſtance for the former, that, through multiplied exceſſes and every ſpecious of extravagance, the exiſtence of the latter was conſiderably ſhortened. His private life exhibited indeed a continued ſeries of irreligion, debauchery and fraud; he neither believed in God, nor entertained the moſt faint idea of any ſort of virtue. He left nothing unpractiſed to obtain the gratification of his private wiſhes; the treaſury was made ſubſervient to them, and he profuſely ſcattered the public reſources to anſwer his own ambition. To obtain the Cardinal's hat, he found it neceſſary to involve the country in a war, and France was accordingly ſet againſt Spain for no other end than to get him a dignity, which he was deſtined to diſgrace. He received nearly one million of livres from the court of Great Britain, and was bribed into an offenſive alliance with the immediate foes of a people to whom the French were by nature allied, and againſt whom there was not the moſt diſtant cauſe of umbrage or diſaffection.

horror on the late ſummary executions, the full conviction of their having been provoked, in ſome mea-

fection. Naturally avaricious, he appeared generous through oſtentation, and drained the royal coffers in ſo unbounded a manner that, independent of his annual income, which amounted to ſeventeen hundred thouſand, he left at his death eleven hundred thouſand livres. His eſtabliſhment was immenſe; the common ſervice for his table was of ſolid gold; and while he lived in the moſt luxurious ſtate of opulence, he ſcarcely allowed his wife, who ſurvived him more than twenty years, the common neceſſaries of life. All Europe knows that he was married. His admiſſion to the council of the realm diſguſted every man of character and reſpectability, and eſtranged every perſon of rank and ſituation. Much outward reſpect and deference were paid him as Archbiſhop, as Cardinal, and Prime Miniſter; yet no individual could muſter ſufficient effrontery and adulation, to hazard a funeral ſermon after his deceaſe. He had been, in fact, feared and deſpiſed.

He died on the * 10th day of Auguſt, 1723, and was ſeverely chaſtiſed where he had inordinately ſinned. It was found neceſſary to make him undergo an amputation, which could at no time be practiſed without conſiderable danger, but which, during the ſummer heats, and upon a man upwards of ſixty-ſix, was almoſt certain to be fatal. In ſpite of all the means made uſe of by the moſt ſkilful of the profeſſion to prevent it, a mortification ſoon appeared. The ſacrament was mentioned to him; to the recommendation of which he made no other reply than by burſting

* A date poſſibly reſerved by Providence, to viſit other crimes on the third and fourth generation of other men, although the Cardinal was puniſhed for *his* in himſelf.

ſure, by the treachery of the court, and only the conſequences of momentary frenzy, not the ſtudied tortures of refined and educated vengeance, makes him doubly callous.

With a declaration of this ſort, it may not be irrevalent to anſwer the daily publiſhed falſehoods reſpecting the indignities *ſaid* to have been offered to the Princeſs Lamballe *before* ſhe was murdered. The fact is, that ſhe did not ſuffer one while living, and when ſhe fell, her death was as inſtantaneous as it was poſſible for the human arm to make it. At the time the Marſeillois, &c. viſited the Priſon called La Force, on the diſcovery of the plot which had occaſioned the maſſacre of the 10th of Auguſt, this unfortunate accomplice imagined they were a party of the royaliſts to take her out of captivity.---This idea is confirmed by the following circumſtance—On

ing into the moſt horrid imprecations and oaths. But what was moſt ſingular, the Regent alone could induce him to receive it. The amputated part lay in a baſon on a cheſt of drawers; and the prieſt, ambitious and eager to adminiſter a Cardinal, unthinkingly, placed the viaticum, containing the holy oils, next to it; thus exhibiting in the perſon of a Prince of the Holy Church, during his agonizing moments, a moſt diſguſting ſcene of horror and depravity to the whole court of France- Vol. 1 p. 145, 146.

the Guérite, a very low door, being opened, ſhe ſtooped to go forwards, and had only time to ſay—*Ah! mon Dieu, je ſuis perdue!* One of the mob inſtantly turned back her hair, and in a few minutes from her firſt appearance, her head was ſtruck off.—The relation of this fact, with which the AUTHOR concludes his Preface, may be miſinterpreted into a wiſh to excuſe barbatity, or be ſuppoſed to flow from party-motives; but as its authenticity can be readily proved, he leaves imagination to indulge itſelf.

When I wrote the above paſſage, which was communicated to me in France, by a gentleman from Paris, the latter end of September, I have endeavoured to collect the beſt account from perſonal enquiry; and I am happy to find that the reſult of it does not *materially* differ with the firſt relation. On the 23d of November I went to the Hotel de la Force, Faubourg St. Antoine. It is a moſt wretched and melancholy building---a ſhort narrow ſtreet leads to the outward gate, where a centinel is poſted---On my enquiring for the gaoler, the firſt door was opened, and I found myſelf between the two Guérites, where the unfortunate victims were executed. The ſpace is about nine feet in length, and nearly as many in breadth. The ſecond

Guérite

Guérite introduced me to the inſide of the priſon---There were two men in the outward receptacle, who, on my aſking for the concierge or gaoler, opened the door of the adjoining place. It was inſtantly cloſed upon me, and a man, with a woman at his ſide, peremptorily demanded my buſineſs. Not judging it ſafe to mention the real object of my viſit, I enquired if a young Engliſhman, who was in the habit of drinking, and might have been diſorderly, had not been confined the preceding night?---*What's his name?* was their immediate reply.---I mentioned the one I knew, and was anſwered that there was not, but that I might go to the Chatelet. This brought on a few words, and I ventured to aſk if the Princeſs Lamballe had not been executed in that priſon? *Oui! entre les deux Guérites:* Yes, between *the two low doors.* This was all I could obtain from them. I quitted the place impreſſed with ſentiments of pity for the ſituation of a beautiful woman during her confinement in one of the moſt nauſeous ſpots that could have been ſelected for guilt and infamy. Determined to get at the truth---if truth could be found---where almoſt every individual was under the influence of fear, intereſt, or prejudice—I got acquainted with a German, who lived in the neighbourhood of the priſon, and

who declared to me, that he had heard the particulars from a perſon intimately connected with the whole of the tranſaction. This was the ſubſtance of his relation:

About ſeven in the morning, previous to her execution, (which I believe he mentioned to have happened on the 3d, at two o'clock in the afternoon) a man dreſſed like a municipal officer, with a ſcarf acroſs his ſhoulders, went into her chamber. On his entering, he accoſted her in the following words: *Madame, il faut vous léver; a midi vous deſcenderez par cet eſcalier* (pointing to the ſteps that led towards the Guérite). She entreated him to allow her to take ſome reſt, as ſhe had not cloſed her eyes during the greateſt part of the night, and had been tormented, at intervals, by the moſt ſhocking dreams. He repeated his words and left her, with her maid, to get dreſſed. She appeared in the the courſe of a ſhort time before ſome perſons appointed to examine the priſoners; and when ſhe was queſtioned relative to the 10th of Auguſt, her uniform anſwer was, that ſhe knew nothing of the buſineſs, but was attached to the Royal Family. A phyſician who attended conjured her to ſay *Vive la Nation!* the inſtant ſhe ſhould ſee the firſt Guérite, (or low door) open. Several perſons had already been

been murdered; among them, (indeed the firſt) was a woman who had been known by the appellation of the pretty noſegay girl (*la belle bouquetiere du Palais Royale*) and who had been confined for having occaſioned the death of her lover in a fit of jealouſy near St. Cloud. The fatal moment was now arrived when all that *horror* can comprehend was to take place. The Guêrite opened---her maid inſtantly exclaimed *Vive la Nation!* and fainted away. She was carried over the dead bodies, and taken through the croud. It was on this occaſion that the Princeſs, ſeeing nothing but blood before her dropped upon the ground, crying out as ſhe fell, *Ah! mon Dieu! je ſuis perdue!* A pike was inſtantly driven through her ſide, and in leſs than five minutes her head was ſevered, &c.---the reſt I muſt refrain from naming. Her head, heart, &c. were fixed upon a pike, and the firſt being dreſſed out, with the features of the face carefully waſhed, *in deriſion*, the whole was moſt inhumanly paraded under the windows of the Temple, and through the ſtreets of the capital. The mangled trunk was carried upon the ſhoulders of four men, and when they were fatigued was reſted againſt a pike fixed in the ground. This circumſtance happened upon the Boulevards in the afternoon. The body

of

of the noſegay-woman was placed aſide the remains of the unfortunate princeſs *, and every opprobrious epithet that rage could dictate was ſcurrilouſly uttered. The remains of both were carried off in the evening with promiſcuous heaps of dead bodies. I have already ſaid that the whole of this horrid exertion of private pique, intereſt, and ambition, upon a number of fellow-creatures, will perhaps be known and puniſhed by the recovered energy of the nation at large. The blood of Royalty not only cries aloud for vengeance, but that of murdered conſanguinity riſes in every interval of reflection, to cruſh a faction that will ultimately ſink beneath them. But the deluded, ignorant and credulous part of the nation, ſhould not be comprized within the unparalleled circle of barbarity that marks the inſtigation. If ſo, there is not a Frenchman, in this or in any other country, who may not be numbered among wretches capable of every enormity. Partial abhorrence ſhould never exclude general truth and juſtice.

* After the mob had exhibited her head upon a pike under the windows of the Temple, they placed the body of the princeſs aſide that of the noſe-gay girl, and exclaimed—*Voyez les deux P———.*

Having

Having mentioned the unfortunate general Dillon as an exception among many inſtances of provoked barbarity, I think it due to his memory to ſpecify an authentic circumſtance not generally known:

When it had been determined in a council of war to hazard a falſe attack upon the advanced part of the Auſtrian army which lay in the neighbourhood of Courtray, general Dillon headed the enterprize. On their being received by a much larger body of the enemy than they had expected to meet, the national troops---not yet accuſtomed to the well-directed fire of regular ſoldiers---were thrown into diſorder. It was on this occaſion, (as count general de la Tour who commanded the Imperialiſts has repeatedly declared,) that Dillon was ſeen in the front of the line, and diſtinctly heard to exclaim---*a vos rangs, Meſſieurs! a vos rangs!* Whilſt he was thus exerting himſelf in the thickeſt of the action to reſtore order, and make an honourable retreat, ſomebody (ſuppoſed to be an emiſſary from the ariſtocratic party) ſuddenly cried out, *Sauve qui peut!* which ſtruck ſo great a panic, that inſtead of returning to the charge, or quitting the field by a well-ſupported retreat, the whole detachment was

ſhamefully

ſhamefully broken, and fled in the moſt ſcattered manner before their purſuers. If there ſhould be a doubt entertained with regard to the authenticity of this report, the incredulous are referred to general De la Tour, who, as an officer and a man of honour, will not heſitate to confirm, what he has often mentioned from perſonal conviction. That Dillon was innocent no man will pretend to doubt; but that his lamented fate was occaſioned by the natural barbarity of the people who ſerved under him, the moſt partial cannot even inſinuate. There was an appearance of treachery in every circumſtance attending this unfortunate day—The ſound of *ſauve qui peut* came from the very ſpot where Dillon ſtood; and there is not a queſtion but that the minds of many had been previouſly infected by the induſtrious agents of the emigrant princes, and prepared to receive the ſlighteſt impreſſion that could injure their commanders.—Every day, in fact, confirms this opinion. The enemies of the country found that they could not overcome by fair and honourable battle, and were therefore reduced to the neceſſity of ſowing diſcord amongſt them.

On the 3d of November, being at Liſle, I made all the enquiry I could, concerning the fate of

this unfortunate man. Amidſt a variety of opinions I was only able to collect one or two additional proofs of his innocence; which I ſhall omit, as they appear leſs ſtriking than thoſe I have already brought forward. He was moſt unqueſtionably murdered with the greateſt inhumanity. After having been wounded in two or three places, he was dragged out of his cabriolet, in the corner of the ſquare which faces the Guard-Houſe.—Men, women, and children, united to tear him limb from limb, and the mangled remains were burnt to aſhes. It was on this occaſion that the mob pulled down the Sign of the Hotel de Bourbon, not ſo much, I preſume, from a want of fuel, as through a deteſtation of the name. Dillon's ſiſter was ſaved by the wiſe precautions of a gentleman who had formerly been an officer in one of the Iriſh brigades. They had ſcarcely ſatisfied their vengeance upon this victim to deluſion, than a party of the Royale Cravate (a regiment of cavalry ſo called) ruſhing with the greateſt precipitation towards Liſle met a Monſ. Berthois beyond the Porte de Five. They inſtantly exclaimed, *Voila un autre de ces traitres!* He received a wound acroſs the ſhoulder, and rode back through the ſame gate; he had ſcarcely entered the town, when one of the men ſhot him a little above

the groin---Falling from his horſe, he endeavoured to crawl into one of the adjacent houſes, but was again fired at, and then ſuſpended by one of his legs to a lamp-iron---Every man, belonging to the party, ſhot at him as he paſſed, and he literally dropped piece-meal from the iron. He was a man of conſiderable talents, and had been variouſly employed by the late Court during the American war, as a confidential emiſſary with La Motte, who was executed in this country, and a Monſ. Parades, convicted of double treachery in France.

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EXTENUATION, &c.

IT has of late been the practice of almoſt all our political authors to inveſtigate public diſturbances, without honeſtly expoſing the cauſe in its effect, or candidly tracing the various circumſtances which would convince mankind, that national cruelty is too often ſaid to exiſt, where revolted nature is merely diſcovered to have acted from partial rage. On the demolition of the Baſtile—an event that will ever do honour to the inhabitants of Paris—it was called *Cruelty* to execute juſtice on a man who could in cool blood order five hundred unarmed citizens to be butchered within its walls, and who only waited for an opportunity to ſacrifice many thouſands without;—it was called cruelty to take momentary vengeance where there had been perpetual torture and deſpair: To ſtrike off the head of a luxurious and

diſſipated * governor, who had for years been the active inſtrument of murder and oppreſſion. It was called

* The circumſtance of a plot having been laid between De Launay, the governor of the Baſtille, the Provoſt des Marchands, and the court of Verſailles, to blow up a part of Paris, is too well known, to require any detail; as is likewiſe his treachery in having invited five hundred citizens within the gates, and after ordering the draw-bridge to be lifted up, in having committed them to the fury of the ſoldiery. The following extract from the private life of the Marechal de Richelieu, may throw ſome light on the infamous colluſion of the governors of this execrated ſpot, with the nobles of the country. From the ſimilitude of name it is probable that the one mentioned was the predeceſſor of him who ſuffered at the Place de Gréve:

"Gold, which has never yet loſt its effect upon the intereſted part of mankind, had corrupted the guardians of Richelieu in 1706; nor had it become leſs powerful in 1718; by means of ſeaſonable bribes, two female relations frequently viſited the Baſtille in diſguiſe. A man, named De Launay, at that time the governor, was by no means inexorable to the prayers and ſolicitations of Mademoiſelle de Valois, ſo long as they were accompanied by a conſiderable ſum in bank notes, which ſhe received from the regent. The father laviſhly ſupplied the daughter; and ſhe, in her turn, was equally prodigal of them to anſwer the cravings of De Launay, and through his connivance to obtain acceſs to the unfortunate object of her attachment."

In another place we find a flagrant inſtance of corruption, plainly ſhowing that when a noble was confined it was merely to ſatisfy

called cruelty to annihilate the groſſeſt monopoly in Foulon and Berthier, and to exerciſe awakened rage upon the remains of a wretch who had wantonly trifled with the neceſſities of the poor and the induſtrious. It was called cruelty to place within the lifeleſs lips of a deteſted uſurer, a truſs of hay, who, when aſked for bread by thouſands of expiring countrymen and fellow-citizens, inſolently bade them be ſatisfied with ſtraw, while the grain they had reaped was rotting in his granaries: but it was *mercy* to excuſe the vileſt debauchery of the nobles, and to palliate their exceſſes by a mockery of puniſhment; it was mercy to with-hold from the hands of juſtice the titled aſſaſſin, or to chaſtiſe, as a frailty of nature only, every infraction of truth, honour, and integrity. The court of Verſailles could ſee no crime where there was birth to protect, or wealth and intereſt to buy off. What was ſufficiently criminal to plunge the common individual into impenetrable

ſatisfy either the ſovereign's temporary caprice, or to varniſh over ſome horrid treſpaſs upon community.

"De Launay, whoſe avarice could not be ſated, perpetually increaſed, by relation, the dangers he ran on her account, and ſhe as often made them diſappear by additional bribes. His fears ſubſided in proportion as the bank bills amounted."— 1ſt vol. p. 92.

darkneſs by the tyrannical ſanction of a lettre de cachet, ſcarcely drew upon the culprit of diſtinction the temporary frown of Majeſty*; which was readily removed by the interference of a concubine, or the accidental mention of a paraſite. It was enough to have been found ſubſervient to the exceſſes of royal vice and imbecility, to have enlivened the growing langour of debauchery by wit and pleaſantry, or to have ſatisfied the inordinate wiſhes

* It is incontrovertibly true, that previous to the preſent Revolution every ſpecies of enormity, nay even murder, was either ſlightly noticed, or totally paſſed over in a nobleman. The writer of Richelieu's Memoirs accounts for the impunity:

"The regent's court, whoſe corruption inſtead of diminiſhing was hourly increaſing, afforded every day freſh ſcenes of debauchery: every one publickly avowed his individual propenſity, however ſhocking and unnatural, and only met with tranſient cenſure among ſome old courtiers that ſtill preſerved the outſide of that ſpecious conduct to which they had been habituated during the preceding reign. The people at large, who imagined that the grandees, or what we call the *Great*, were of a different ſpecies from themſelves, as they never thoroughly examined into their principles and feelings, could ſcarcely believe them capable of the many baſe actions which were continually publiſhed againſt them. They who could not doubt the real exiſtence of their depravity, were fully perſuaded that nobility was an order priviledged beyond the reſt of mankind, and intitled to every indulgence of mind and heart."

of

of a miſtreſs, for guilt to remain unpuniſhed, and infamy to be careſſed.

An impartial view of the court of Verſailles from the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. down to the revolution, will convince mankind that twenty-ſix millions of inhabitants have been barbarouſly trampled upon by deſpotic arrogance; it will open to the world the fineſt country in Europe, rendered the moſt abortive in all its poſſible advantages by the worſt of governments; ſhew inſolence plumed in diſſipation, poverty puniſhed without one proof of guilt, and grandeur recompenſed without one inſtance of honour and deſert.—It will diſplay bigotry and ſuperſtition in all their ephemeral colours diſtinguiſhed by deluded royalty; perſecutions foſtered by intrigue, and private hatred glutted by religion *. It will

* "Madame de Maintenon availed herſelf of the operation which Louis XIV. was obliged to undergo for the fiſtula, and artfully increaſed his ſcruples at a time when his conſcience became timorous and alarmed. It was ſuggeſted to this weak and credulous monarch, that the anger of Heaven would be appeaſed provided he exiled from his kingdom every ſubject who was not of the Catholic perſuaſion; he was likewiſe told that no Chriſtian king ſhould ſuffer proteſtants to remain within his dominions. In vain does Madame de Maintenon declare in one of her letters, that Louvois and Father la Chaiſe—the jeſuit—aſſured the king

 that

will hold up *real* inſtances of corruption in contraſt to fictitious crimes; mark out tyranny in full maturity

that the expulſion of ſo many ſubjects would be effected without bloodſhed, and by thoſe means engaged him to ſign the order. She had too much good ſenſe not to foreſee that the revocation of an edict which entirely ruined upwards of ſixty thouſand proteſtant families, could never be accompliſhed without cauſing the moſt violent murmurs and deſpair. She could not be ignorant of the lamentable ſcene which ſuch a ſtep muſt produce in tearing from their homes ſo large a number of inhabitants to ſeek their livelihood in foreign countries; ſhe muſt have known that the rich and poor, the old and innocent mixed together without diſtinction, ſtretching their arms towards their native country to be repulſed with violence, ſome thrown into dungeons, others chained on board the galleys, or dragged to the block on no other ſcore but that of religion, were ſhortly to unite in one complaint, and accuſe her as the cauſe and authoreſs of their misfortunes. Could ſhe poſſibly diſſemble that by ſuch a ſentence, the greateſt part of our manufactures was to be carried into a foreign land; and that ſhe would be the means of enriching them with arts and manufactures which were thrown out of ours?—

"France, notwithſtanding a ſucceſſion of victories, had been impoveriſhed by preceding wars; could Madame de Maintenon have ſo little diſcernment as not to ſee that by driving away ſome of the richeſt citizens who contributed largely to the neceſſities of the ſtate, and who relieved the Catholics by taking off ſomething of the burthen of taxation, ſhe was ruining the country?"—1ſt vol. p. 45.

When this abominable tranſaction, ſuggeſted by prieſthood, and put into execution by bigotry, ſhall be put in contraſt with the

rity ſtriding over the enfeebled members of the people; public property taxed by private want, and individual ſafety reſpected only when dominion had nothing to exact, or paſſion to indulge. But it will, above all, diſplay that univerſal ſyſtem of treachery among the leaders in government, which has ever rendered the moſt glorious undertakings fruitleſs, and the largeſt contributions of the people wretchedly deficient.

The nation at large—which ſhould always be the primary object of miniſterial conſideration—was a weak and ſecondary cauſe that only produced a ſemblance of public ſpirit, and was invariably made the ſpecious inſtrument of private accommodation. Kings were warily led from the cradle into the darkeſt avenues of human intelligence; they were ſhut from the light of general information, and cautiouſly conducted from infancy to manhood through a ſettled ſyſtem of ignorance and inſenſibility *. Hence unavoidably

the expulſion of the refractory prieſts, let the impartial decide between the bloody revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the peaceable diſmiſſion of recuſing men during the preſent revolution.

* "It is a ſort of entailed calamity upon crowned heads to be almoſt always under the neceſſity of truſting the reins of government

voidably aroſe a neceſſity for ſecret agents and confidants; we cannot call thoſe men miniſters who, for their

ment to the hands of intereſted individuals, whoſe principal ſtudy is to prevent them from learning how to govern; harmleſs perhaps in themſelves, and innocent of the evils that enſue from mal-adminiſtration, it is their peculiar misfortune to bear the reproaches of the nation, and to be perpetually accuſed of avarice, inſolence and tyranny."— 1ſt vol. p. 158.

How far the Houſe of Bourbon may may be entitled to the credit of ſenſibility, the following anecdote of Louis XIV. will ſhew:

"The marquis of Chauvelin, who had been his moſt intimate friend and companion for many years, happened to ſup with him at Madame du Barry's. On quitting the table, they ſat down to play, and Chauvelin inſtantly expired at the king's elbow. A general alarm naturally took place, and every perſon preſent was anxious to afford ſome aſſiſtance; his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty—*Chriſtian-like*, ſat alone unconcerned, and obſerved with great compoſure: *You all ſee that the man is dead.—The fat pig ate too much; I foretold him long ſince what would happen.*"

Let the reader place himſelf in the ſame ſituation, and be impreſſed by the ſame belief with the French revolutioniſts—and no man can fairly determine unleſs equally circumſtanced—he will moſt probably not wonder at the diſguſt and hatred they imbibed againſt their preſent unfortunate monarch. If it were neceſſary to go into that minuteneſs of detail of cruelties, whch ſome are pleaſed to ſay ſhock humanity, a few current reports might convince this country that the French throughout the nation had

long

their own aggrandizement, make majeſty deſcend to meanneſs to preſerve the reins of government at the expence of every honeſt ſubject in the land *.

When the diſſipaſſionate and candid ſhall have ſeriouſly weighed the long ſucceſſive train of oppreſſions which

long been taught to believe in the ſtrongeſt inſtances of barbarity: ſome indeed that would render the wanton deſtruction of flies by Caligula trifling compared to thoſe exerciſed upon cats, rabbits, and dogs. But as the object of this pamphlet is not to create perſonal abhorrence, I ſhall wave the mention of them. Not, however, from an apprehenſion that the facts could not be ſubſtantiated, but becauſe I think them ſuperfluous. Many perſons, I underſtand, have peremptorily ranged the particulars of this pamphlet under the title of a traveller's indulged imagination, without giving themſelves the trouble to enquire into the poſſibility of their exiſtence. But as I believe they are thoſe only whom prejudice ſhuts againſt conviction, and whoſe wiſhes dictate their deciſion, I ſhall leave them with the *blind and deaf indeed* to be amuſed with obſtinate contradiction.

* In the war between England and France, the following treachery for the convenience of Pompadour and her adherents was practiſed againſt the mareſchal de Richelieu.—I ſhall quote the paſſage from the original memoirs, and leave the reader to form his own comment.

" Richelieu, on his departure, had been aſſured by the king's miniſters, that every preparation requiſite for the undertaking would be found at Toulon: the marchioneſs of Pompadour,

 however,

which have marked the reigns of Louis XIV. and his ſucceſſor, with eſtabliſhed facts of the moſt galling tyranny and unexampled falſhood, ſince the acceſſion of the preſent depoſed monarch; when they ſhall have viſited the arcana of the courts of Verſailles and Fontainebleau; pierced through the well ſupported bigotry of Maintenon, the ſubſervient gallantries of Pompadour, and the ſtudied impudence of Du Barry, into the more refined and complicated creed of vice of the female triumvirate *; when they ſhall have ſpread into public light unnumbered proofs of the moſt unnatural, and the moſt diſguſting depravity of

however, in conjunction with her agents, had been before-hand in giving contrary orders. Private pique and reſentment were neceſſarily to be indulged; the reputation of the country, the blood of individuals, and the moſt unbounded abuſe of public money, were to be ſuperceded by ſuch generous and noble ſentiments! The marſhall was at any rate to be diſappointed in his expedition, to be rendered ridiculous by defeat, and their own ſecret views to be anſwered at the expenee of the nation."—The country, in fact, was to be ruined, and thouſands were to be maſſacred, to ſatisfy the private pique of a concubine—Yet kings and miniſters are ever merciful and juſt!

* I beg here to be underſtood to mean nothing more than the *publiſhed* exceſſes of theſe three perſons. The people felt oppreſſion, they ſaw much luxury, and were taught to believe that the cauſe was in the court.

heart

heart and mind, and placed them, with their rampant ſatellites of baſe corruption, in contraſt to the bold ſtruggles of inſulted nature, when this ſhall be done, will juſtified vengeance be conſtrued into cruelty, becauſe it puniſhes convicted perjury, falſhood, and cabal? Will not the conſequent calamities be judged in their original cauſes, and if reſentment is to be rouſed by ſuffering humanity, ſhould it not be pointed at the ſource of evil *.

How wretchedly diſtempered, how infectious in its principles, and lamentably bad in its effects, muſt the old government of France have been, to render the minds of the lower order ſuſceptible of impreſſions at which the moſt barbarous revolt? To ſay the fault is in the regenerating ſtate of the people is ſomewhat like attributing the corrupted condition of a new-born infant to itſelf, and not to the veteran profligacy of its parents. There is no man, I truſt, let

* Had the emigrant princes yielded, however ſparingly, to the wiſhes of a whole people, it is more than probable that the blood ſhed at the Baſtille and at the Place De Gréve, would have terminated in a general reconciliation. Rather than ſubſcribe to the determined ſentiment of many millions, three or four individuals have deluged their native land with ſlaughter, and expoſed it to the rapacity of ſtrangers.

his averſion to the old ſyſtem be ever ſo determined, or his attachment to the new, but unſettled, order of things, ever ſo cloſe, who can juſtify any one murder committed in a country, let the circumſtance or cauſe be what it will. Nevertheleſs it is very poſſible to account for the commiſſion of the moſt inhuman actions, and even to extenuate the conduct of deluded ignorance in the hour of univerſal fear and conſternation. A noble lord in adminiſtration, who, from his declarations to the houſe, may be ſaid to know not only the ſource but every rivulet of that ſtream of bloodſhed, has condeſcended to acquit the nation at large of the moſt inhuman crimes that ever marked the records of mankind. But as broad aſſertion does not always eſtabliſh truth; ſo faint acknowledgment ſeldom does away miſconſtruction. If his lordſhip (and I hope the intelligence obtained from France ſince the expulſion of her enemies, is more to be relied upon than was the boaſted ſurrender of Dumourier, ſo loudly trumpeted through Brabant). If his lordſhip, I beg leave to repeat, be really in the ſecret, does it not behove him, when the nation is a perpetual ſubject of diſcuſſion, to clear its character from the ſlander of report by ſomething ſtronger than *I hope! and God forbid?* Far, very far be it from me to inſinuate

inſinuate that the government of this country either wiſhes to miſlead the people by encouraging exaggerated cruelties, or to ſtifle by unwarrantable coercion the expoſition of general facts. Human nature muſt be little underſtood by thoſe who cannot ſee as much danger in an officious diſbelief of every circumſtance, which (however ungracious from oppoſite wiſhes and expectations) may raiſe the character of men we do not love *. It is pitiful in the extreme to condemn many millions of people becauſe we have been

* I cannot, on this occaſion, refrain from reprobating national averſions—When arguments in favour of the French, conſidered as a nation, are preſſed ſo forcibly that oppoſite ſentiments cannot reſiſt them with truth and reaſon, it is common to find the controverſy end in the moſt ungenerous of all acknowledgments, and the moſt illiberal of all expreſſions—namely—*Damn it I hate a Frenchman!* Not conſidering, at the ſame time, that perhaps the largeſt number of Engliſhmen are the mixed deſcendants of almoſt every country in Europe. It has been ſaid, that by keeping up this antipathy our ſeamen and ſoldiers meet them as enemies with augmented valour. And have Britons then ſo little native courage, that it is neceſſary to whet it by a ſort of mechanical proceſs ſuſtained and carried on with a hatred of aliens? If ſo it is, a lamentable illuſtration of what the Roman poet, perhaps, too juſtly, ſpecified.

Viſi Britannos hoſpitibus feros.

HORACE.

nurſed

nurſed in prejudice, and tutored to diſlike; it is ungenerous to ſhut every avenue which leads to truth, and to ſpread, with a ſort of malignant pleaſure, the ready paths of miſinterpretation; but it is above all barbarous and unjuſt to fix an eternal blot upon a brave, although perhaps, a miſguided people, becauſe we too haſtily credit what we fear, and too readily decide from what we wiſh. Let any man of common candour ſurvey the peculiar ſituation of the capital after the 10th of Auguſt—And no man, I truſt, will call *that* day a day of aſſaſſination or ſecret maſſacre.—Let the reeking remains of the ſlaughtered inhabitants, *believed, almoſt univerſally*, to have been the victims of premeditated violence; let the known treacheries of Longwy and Verdun, opening, as it were, a broad and eaſy way to the duke of Brunſwick and his ſanguinary manifeſto; let the evaſion of the king in his planned departure to St. Cloud, and ſhortly after his flight to Varennes; let the threats of the princes and their adherents poured into every municipality through all the channels of communication; let, in a word, whether true or falſe, all the circumſtances of time and place, ſo induſtriouſly forced upon the people* at an hour when the crimſon flag of ſlaughter

* I was in France when this ill-judged declaration appeared from an armed enemy to a people, who from the higheſt rein of oppreſſion

ſlaughter and proſcription appeared to be lifted above the very gates of Paris: at an hour when babes clinging to their mothers, ſeemed to foretell, in the departure of every relative and friend, the approaching ſlaughter of many millions of people; let theſe and every concomitant of rage and apprehenſion be collected together; and when they ſhall have been impartially conſidered, where, let it be aſked, will even the moſt determined prejudice find grounds for general defamation? There is no individual, I truſt, ſo enamoured with ſcenes of death, or ſo familiarized

oppreſſion were in the very act of ſcattering the broken fetters which had galled them for fourteen hundred years. The effect it produced is too well known by the exertions of the land at large.—Nor can any man form an adequate idea of the determined unanimity of the people to ſupport the change of government, who has not intimately mixed among them. If a * member in the lower houſe ſtill feels the enthuſiaſm diſcovered by the Pariſians on the appearance of the combined armies at Verdun, what muſt be the impreſſion left with thoſe who witneſſed the departure of Dumourier and his troops for the battle of Genap? I do not exaggerate—and I could appeal to perſons of undoubted veracity to ſtrengthen my aſſertion—When I declare that in a body of near fourteen thouſand men, ſome of whom were expoſed in every ſenſe to the inclemency of cold and wintry weather, there was not one that even looked diſſatisfied or unhappy.—They were marched acroſs the ruins of the ſuburbs of Liſle, and ſeemed to diſcover, in a mixture of joy and rage, a full anticipation of the victory they ſo glorioufly obtained.

* Mr. Courtenay.

to bloodſhed, as to look back to the maſſacres of September, and not be impreſſed with the utmoſt horror againſt the *inſtigation*; nor any ſo obdurate as to recollect the refined exertions of ſtrained inhumanity upon the mangled bodies, and not experience the keeneſt impulſe of compaſſion: but at the ſame time there is not one, I hope, ſo confined in his views of human nature, ſo determined to condemn the whole, becauſe he is diſguſted with a part, as to oppoſe conviction?

In the actual noiſe and tumult of a revolution, it is the misfortune of contemporary people, taken in the aggregate, never to attain that accurate knowledge of cauſes and effects which precludes falſhood and miſinterpretation. The jarring ſtate of intereſts, the unavoidable conſequence of broken compacts, the effervescence of the common mind ſo readily worked up by the ſubtlety of ſtateſmen at home, or the aſpiring ambition of commanders abroad, neceſſarily give birth to all the tranſient ebullitions of hazard and conjecture. As parties form, prejudice, intereſt, and ingenuity ſucceed; and before any ſort of permanent eſtabliſhment can take place, different men and meaſures, like particles in a chymical preparation, muſt bubble and boil over; nor can the deſired

ſired object be obtained till after a variety of experiments. France has already had her National Aſſemblies; they have paſſed away: and if the ſituation of things, and the unſettled ſtate of the public mind may be reſorted to for opinion, it is more than probable that the preſent National Convention will ſhare the ſame fate. The trial of Louis the Sixteenth—which, however pre-poſſeſſed this country may be with a contrary belief—has been ingeniouſly brought on, ſo as to conciliate the eſtranged affections of his former ſubjects—may poſſibly produce more ſtability, and bring more cloſely together, the ſcattered members of community, than the united efforts of the allied powers abroad, or all the machinations of the royaliſts at home. This mention of the trial of a king naturally leads the mind to a tranſient glance at his captivity. Of the indignities ſaid to have been wantonly exerciſed againſt this unfortunate and miſguided monarch, too much has been circulated not to exact ſome reply; and it is no ſmall ſatisfaction to be able, on the preſent occaſion, unequivocally to maintain that perſonal inattention and harſh miſdemeanour have never been betrayed by the citizens of Paris, who, as municipal officers, or as national guards, are ſtationed at the temple *.

* The interior apartments of this building are both elegant and extenſive; and the appearance, on one ſide, is leſs indicative of a

The very delicate, indeed the dangerous ſituation in which the moderate part of the National Convention ſtood,

place of confinement than the palace of St. James's—The court is broad and ſpacious, and there is a range of pillars before the immediate entrance into the houſe—The guard conſiſts of fifty men,* who are upon duty from twelve o'clock, mid-day, till twelve the day following, namely twenty four hours—Four municipal officers, with their ſcarfs, &c. are in conſtant ſucceſſive attendance within the apartments. They never ſit down in the preſence of the royal family. The wall which ſurrounds the building is raiſed ſeveral feet, and the turrets are ſo blocked up that it is impoſſible for the priſoners to come within the moſt diſtant obſervation from the adjacent houſes. A deputy of the preſent National Convention, who was likewiſe a member in the late aſſembly, and was no leſs diſtinguiſhed for his talents as a legiſlator than he is deſervedly admired for his general information, aſſured the author, on the 20th of November, that in the current account of expences, four thouſand livres were charged for one article of indulgence. He further added, 'Whatever, Sir, may be the 'opinion of the Engliſh, reſpecting the ſituation of the king and 'his family, we, who know it intimately, will, at any time, be 'able to prove that their condition is rendered as eaſy as the na-'ture of their confinement, and the violent agitation of the people 'will permit. The predicament in which many of us ſtand, 'peculiarly aukward and embarraſſing. There is not one amongſt 'us but feels the moſt poignant ſhame and indignation againſt the 'inſtigators of the murders committed on the 2d and 3d of Septem-'ber; and we hope the day will arrive when there will be as 'much

* Theſe men caſt lots among themſelves to decide upon the duty within doors, as one half of the number are poſted without.

ſtood, previous to the trial, but moſt eſpecially on the day of its commencement, may convince mankind that the depoſed monarch was far from being ſo abandoned by all parties, as the generality of them are taught to believe. Every art and every pretext that policy could ſuggeſt, or humanity inſpire, were anxiouſly made uſe of to avert immediate deſtruc-

'much power as there is inclination to puniſh the blackeſt inſult 'that was ever caſt upon a nation. To withhold the hand of 'juſtice, at this time, is to prevent the repetition of what we all 'deteſt and lament, but dare not publickly revenge.'—He likewiſe very juſtly remarked, that if any notice were taken at a time when the public mind was kept in a ſtate of ſanguinary diſpoſition againſt the royal captives, the ſame melancholy ſcenes would not only be repeated in the different * priſons, but moſt probably be cloſed by the murder of them all.

At this time Marat, Roberſpiere, &c. . . . but the firſt in particular, were riſing into popular eſteem—The armies were beyond the reach of the executive, and the legiſlative power was viſibly infected by many adherents to the reigning faction. Little, I believe, had been neceſſary to have driven a mob of murderers and aſſaſſins into whatever quarter it had ſuited their inſtigators to point out; and it is more than probable, from what is hourly diſcovered, that the temple would have received the firſt current of popular fury. It had already been twice diverted by the watchfulneſs of that party which has ſo dexterouſly protracted the king's trial.

* On the diſcovery of the papers in the Thuilleries, ſeveral perſons were taken up and confined in the Abbaye, &c.

tion. The ſame brutal and ſanguinary ſett, who had cauſed the priſons to be gorged with blood, and who, for a time, had been driven into obſcurity, now openly ſtood forward, plumed with additional popularity, and not only awed but threatened the Convention. Every day teemed with rumours and alarms relative to the ſituation of the royal family; reports were induſtriouſly ſpread to create ſuſpicion on the influx of ſtrangers and emigrants, and every countenance appeared an index of conſpiracy. It might be too bold to aſſert, although there was reaſon to believe it, that the report, which was univerſally circulated throughout the capital on the 19th of November, reſpecting the king's death by poiſon, was one of thoſe artful manœuvres of a faction, which, in feeling the pulſe of the people, decides with ſecurity on the ſucceſs of a premeditated plan. The hour is probably not far diſtant when the moſt deſpicable character,* the moſt vile in its general principles, the moſt brutal in its conduct to others, and the moſt puſillanimous in its perſonal exertions, will be developed and laid open.

* The inhuman murder of the princeſs Lamballe, (who, whatever her political or private follies may have been, was diſtinguiſhed for her benevolence and charity) could be eaſily accounted for by the author—But time will unfold to the world, what private information cannot prudently divulge.

Europe will then do that juſtice to the French nation, which England ſeems officiouſly to withhold. In the progreſs of events, opinion, like the Priſm, will be found to have imbibed the different colours of circumſtance, time and place. The recollection of unprecedented acts of momentary rage will, in the recency of them, preclude examination; and the deplorable effects of limited barbarity be extended through the abhorrence of it, into every quarter of community. But is the candour of an enlightened and a generous people to be warped from their natural tendency to juſtice, becauſe every particular but that which ſtrengthens hatred and pre-poſſeſſion is either induſtriouſly kept back, or cruelly perverted? Will the retroſpect be cloſed upon them when they are directed towards a ſtate of uniform oppreſſion for many hundred years, and impartially told the grievances a nation has ſuſtained with unexampled patience? Will the agitated ſtate of ſo many millions of inhabitants in the infancy of freedom, threatened by a combination of powers without the kingdom, and perpetually goaded by conſpiracies within, be ſpeouſly concealed? Will the deteſtable purſuits of a faction, ending in maſſacre, be entailed upon the country at large, and eternally hung out in infamy to all? Bold and intemperate as the preſent publication muſt

appear,

appear, the conſiderate part of Engliſhmen, I hope, will do me the juſtice to believe that, however forcibly drawn the ſubjects of the people's belief may be, I do not wiſh to impreſs *them* with the ſame conviction. God forbid there ſhould exiſt in creation half the complicated enormity of vice ſo deeply engraven on the minds of the French as the *actual* crimes of their late ſovereign. Are men to be led away by the fiction of alarms when the ſlighteſt glance at their own internal tranquillity, and the leaſt knowledge of continental calamities, muſt convince them of their error? Different, in every ſenſe of the expreſſion, as Great Britain is from France, with regard to her conſtitution and government, muſt an indulged miſrepreſentation of that country be artfully made uſe of to foment the ſtrongeſt hatred and diſguſt? Are not the eight thouſand emigrants as dangerous to the peace and comfort of this iſland, as their fighting countrymen abroad? Little I believe is neceſſary to unravel the myſtery; but if adminiſtration has heen impoſed upon by the artful machinations of foreign intrigue and exiled policy, it is the duty of every well-meaning ſubject to counteract their intent. When the predominant part of a country, and that part the one in power, will only liſten to partial repreſentations, it is not impoſſible but fallacy may ſpeak the language

of

of *ſincere* information.—Publications in general, ſo far from contributing to the diſcontent of a nation, ſerve to relieve it from the moſt cruel of all ſituations, that of doubt and hazardous deciſion. Miniſters, well acquainted with the various intereſts of nations, and intimately verſed in the human heart, may readily ſelect from oppoſite opinions, not only the ſenſe of the majority of the country, but likewiſe the wiſdom of it. It is ſedulouſly forced upon every mind at this moment, that a revolution is the ſole object of reformers, and that their aſſociations are directed to the accompliſhment of it.—As Mr. Fox admirably obſerved in the Houſe of Commons, internal diſcord, open inſurrections, and foreign conſpiracies are crowded in a ſpeech from the throne, to which confidence attaches belief, becauſe it is the organ of conviction, and on which the tranquillity of the land depends, becauſe its hopes and fears are guided by it. And are the induſtrious circulators of ſuch reports ſo ignorant of the *real* ſituation of England as to imagine that the landed property of the country, the immenſe wealth of its merchants and manufacturers, and the divided fortunes of many thouſands throughout the iſland veſted in the funds, would yield to a viſionary change of government? It is a pitiful, a mean deluſion, a bugbear of confined alarm, hung up in every

pariſh veſtry of the kingdom, to ſurprize the timorous, to awe the bold but loyal ſubject, and to form within the ſphere of partial influence a phalans of coercion. The conſtitution of this country—and an excellent conſtitution it is—ſtands not in need of trick.—If it be really diſtempered, its diſorders are within the reach of undiſguiſed correction. There is neither quackery required to conceal its blotches, nor can force be neceſſary to keep off enquiry when every blotch is known—The remedies propoſed will only clear away the foulneſs, and watchful truth ſecure the body compact from the extenſion of an intruding evil. As no candid man will contradict my aſſertion, that the ſituations of France and England are as diſſimilar, as the mildeſt government is different from the moſt oppreſſive, I ſhall proceed on my Extenuation of the Conduct of the French, in the full confidence, that however harſh it may appear no ungenerous motive will be adduced from it. The public in general will be pleaſed to carry with them throughout the peruſal of this pamphlet, my unfeigned aſſurance, that I only mean to relate what every inhabitant believed, not to aſſert that either Louis the Sixteenth, or the queen and her adherents, were actually guilty of the multifarious crimes alledged againſt them—God forbid they ſhould! The argument,

 which

which I hope will not be thought trifling or irrelevant, ſimply and *bonâ fide*, goes to account for, and conſequently extenuate the exceſſes of a miſguided multitude in the hour of known treachery both at home and abroad; but, as I ſincerely reprobate, ſo I by no means wiſh to leſſen the guilt of thoſe perſons who were the cauſe of ſo much bloodſhed.

* When the accumulated miſeries of the people gathered into one wide torrent of complaint, when the noiſe of ſubjection was heard at the very gates of the palace, and re-murmured from the moſt diſtant corner of the empire, did it become the pampered objects of partial adminiſtration to ſit within the guarded precincts of oppreſſion with wounding apathy to general remonſtrance? Did it become the executive authority to liſten calmly to confeſſed abuſes, or the legiſlative power † paſſively to allow the

* I muſt here be allowed the priviledge of every advocate, namely, that of ſtanding in the ſhoes of his client.

† When the reader ſhall have been informed, that during the two preceding reigns it was cuſtomary to anſwer the complaint of one province, by referring it to the wider grievance of another, he will not be ſurprized at the inveteracy with which the people treat the

the vileſt paraſite, courtier, and courtezan, to fatten upon the laſt reſources of expiring lalour * ? Did it become

corruptions of the preſent. Monſ. D'Argenſon, prime-miniſter to Louis XV. writes thus to Richelieu.

"In ſhort you may inform the people of Languedoc, for their conſolation, that the inhabitants of Britany will gain little by our conceſſion, ſince much more will be exacted from another quarter than they ſave in this. Generous conſolation indeed for one province to be told that another is more heavily burthened than itſelf! Unexampled remedy to oppreſſion found out and wantonly applied by miniſters!"—2d vol. p. 20.

* During the moſt impoveriſhed ſtate of the country, and in the midſt of exorbitant taxation, millions were ſquandered at court.

"The cabals and partial miſunderſtandings of the court were, for a ſhort interval, interrupted by the marriage of the Dauphin, and the moſt unexampled expenditure of public money was made for the celebration of it. On this occaſion the expences for private luxury roſe to their higeſt pitch. The getting up alone of the opera of Caſtor and Pollux coſt one million of livres. A ſaloon, if not the moſt ſpacious, at leaſt the richeſt in Europe, was erected for this purpoſe. The perſons concerned in the undertaking, and even their ſubordinates made conſiderable fortunes; the treaſury was opened to ſupply every demand in a manner that ſeemed to indicate a ſurplus of public wealth: the journey alone to Fontainbleau coſt more than

become the intended ſource of honour and integrity, the boaſted fount of delicate ſenſation! To admit the dirty

than two millions; upwards of three hundred thouſand livres were charged for the uſe of carriages employed by the court, and for the pretended ſervice of the king. The ſame prodigality and waſte were diſcovered throughout the whole of this ſhameful buſineſs, which was literally nothing leſs than public plunder.

It was on this occaſion that the abſurdity of court-etiquette was drawn into the ſtrongeſt point of obſervation.—The nobility conceived that a partiality ſhewn to mademoiſelle de Lorraine, at a public ball, was highly diſhonourable to them. Memorials were immediately framed and preſented to the king. The debates they produced were long and complicated; and the ſame nobility which were never known to make a remonſtrance againſt public calamity, or for public good, were upwards of a month in a continual ſtate of agitation to prevent a foreign princeſs from taking precedence at a dance! Nevertheleſs mademoiſelle de Lorraine took the lead. It muſt, however, be acknowledged that the king aſſured his nobility that, no *material conſequence would enſue!* On the marriage of monſieur—the king's brother freſh memorials were preſented; the ſame degree of fermentation and alarm having taken place, his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty had the goodneſs and condeſcention to promiſe his faithful nobility that the woman who ſhould dance firſt, would not on that account be entitled to any future precedence. Such were almoſt always the important occupations of theſe courtiers; and ſuch, it is too much to be feared, will ever be the important conſiderations of individuals who exiſt by trick, and triumph by deluſion in the greateſt part of Europe.

dirty ſtreams of foul cabal and hypocriſy? to contaminate Majeſty with perjury, cowardice, and mean intrigue, and to pour into the widened wounds of national convulſion, the rankeſt poiſon of deceit? Did it become the firſt ſubſcribing magiſtrate of an injured people, voluntarily to ſtep forward in the front of Europe, and with the full conſciouſneſs of forgiven apoſtacy, to ratify decrees which he was determined to annul? To encreaſe the burthens of his country by ſecretly conveying to the declared enemies of the conſtitution*, not only his perſonal wealth and jewels, but to contract debts with his believing ſubjects to the amount of forty eight millions of livres, under the falſeſt plea of neceſſity? Did it, in a word, become the affected father of a nation, ruined in every circumſtance of ready ſubſidy, to behold the naked inhabitant march out to battle, while there were accoutrements for ſome thouſands, induſtriouſly concealed?

Had a ſovereign of Great-Britain been convicted of half the treſpaſſes upon the confidence of his ſubjects that have been attributed to Louis XVI. the

* The reader will recollect that this accuſation is among the firſt charges which have been brought againſt him in the National Convention,

ſcaffold

ſcaffold would have been loaded with as many heads as royalty could produce throughout the line of conſpiring relatives and friends. Yet the advocates for deſpotiſm will endeavour to ſtain the record of liberty with ſanguinary deeds, while the violator of every tie and oath is ſpared, nay courted into truth and reaſon*. They will by artifice and bribery ſeduloufly

* Nothing proves more ſtrongly the inconſiſtency of our nature, and the inſtability of human feelings, than the oppoſite effect which has been produced by two cataſtrophes during the preſent revolution. When the horrors of the Baſtille were repreſented, the king's miniſters and nobles of France were held in the utmoſt abhorrence; now that ſummary executions, provoked by the moſt avowed treachery, are made the ſubject of diſcuſſion, the tortures of the court ſink into oblivion; and the nation at large is deteſted for having revenged the cauſe of liberty without committing* one cruelty upon the *living* frame. Forty years confinement in the Baſtille, months of excruciating pain, limbs ripped aſunder by wild horſes, the breaſts of women plucked off with red hot irons, nails torn from their roots, and the fingers ſeared to prolong the torture; boiling lead poured into ſuch parts of the body as would not occaſion immediate diſſolution: remedies moſt cautiouſly applied, and freſh inventions eagerly adopted to renew the pain: Theſe, although inconteſtably proved to have been exerciſed by the command of kings and miniſters, are no longer publiſhed to mankind, becauſe it is no longer the intereſt of leading factions to vindicate the rights of nature.

* It is ſomewhat extraordinary, and it is certainly an argument in favour of their humanity, that the French ſhould adopt the uſe of the Guilotine, to render the execution of a criminal as little painful as poſſible, at the *very* time theſe partial exceſſes took place.

louſly try to preſs upon the minds of the uninformed, exaggerated cruelties *, while treachery and rank oppreſſion are to be varniſhed over by intereſted argument. When to the ſtartled eyes of ſentiment and feeling, they hold up the bleeding members of a fair accomplice, they induſtriouſly hide the unburied limbs of thouſands who perhaps have periſhed by her falſehood; they place, with a ſort of ſtage manœuvre to produce a ſtage-effect (for fiction cannot laſt) every object of diſguſt, without dragging from the recollected racks and wheels of tyranny, the mangled frames of many a guiltleſs victim. The ſufferings of elevated infamy, or rather the diſappointed rage of female arrogance, is to be conſidered, while the lives and fortunes of twenty-ſix millions of people are to be hazarded and proſcribed to re-eſtabliſh the ſame ſyſtems of abuſe that had ſo ſhamefully diſgraced the Hiſtory of France. It has not appeared ſufficient to receive into the bleeding boſom of the realm the very hand that ſtabbed it by deceit; to pardon guilt

* As ſome inſtances of cruelty, brought forward in this publication, are ſaid to have happened a century back, without refuting the idea by ſpecifying many that have taken place within the laſt eighteen years, I ſhall content myſelf with aſking whether the Parliament was not convened at Paris, and did not ſit three days, to deviſe ſome extraordinary ſort of torture for Damien?

in a ſovereign which would have entailed eternal ſhame upon the relatives of an executed ſubject; to indulge his weakneſs, and even to exalt his ſentiments, under the burning conſciouſneſs of falſehood; it has not been thought ſufficient to excuſe the immediate and unremitting cauſe of every machination to undermine the country; to paſs over the known and public atrocities of a Q——n; but, to raiſe the bulk of diſſembled treachery beyond the reach of the aggrieved and credulous inhabitant, conſpiracies muſt be ſedulouſly nurſed by the forgiven, correſpondencies muſt be kept up with the avowed enemies of the country; and while the blood of thouſands is deluging the frontiers, to repel oppreſſion, the lives of a few convicted individuals are to be leſt untouched and unmoleſted at home! Yet it has not been ſufficient to draw the veil of forgiveneſs over reiterated outrages, to forget the deceit and pride of Royalty rather than forego what the people wiſhed to preſerve, an honourable Firſt Order in adminiſtration*; freſh cabals

* On the 9th of Auguſt, the q—n, it is ſaid, ſent for the colonel of the Swiſs-guards, and after communicating to him the projected plot, ſtrenuouſly urged him to conſent to fire upon the people the day following; which, if we may believe the aſſertion of many perſons in Paris, he poſitively refuſed; nor did he in fact appear:

cabals have been cemented by the very magiſtrate that ſhould have broken and deſtroyed them; hypocriſy, under the maſk of patriotiſm, had ſecretly ſpread a mine which was to have torn from its roots the liberty he had ſworn to cheriſh. Previous to the 10th of Auguſt well digeſted plans of co-operation with the emigrant princes had been formed; every avenue to ſeduction was prepared and laid open for the deluded inhabitant: The Swiſs guards—unfortunately for themſelves—were ſeduced from the oath they had taken to the nation, either becauſe they confounded their ſenſe of its obligaton with the forfeited claim of majeſty, or becauſe they wilfully hazarded their lives to ſecond its deceit. By whatever motive they may have been actuated, it is to be lamented that their innate character of fidelity ſhould be evidently queſtioned through the duplicity of their maſter, who, to

appear: his nephew commanded, and fell in the action. A perſon, whoſe houſe immediately faces the Carouſel, declares that he diſcovered plainly from the top, through a loop-hole, evident ſigns of good underſtanding between the Swiſs-guards and many in the plot. He particularly remarked that they waved their hats, on a body of men appearing near the palace †.

† I do not aſſert that this interview between the Queen and the Colonel of the Swiſs guards literally happened, but ſuch was the univerſal opinion in France. The circumſtances were ſpecified to me on the 10th of September in many quarters.

make the perjury of royalty complete, ſtained military honour with falſhood and apoſtacy.

When Charles I. was tried before the High-Court of Judicature in England for attempting to tranſgreſs the bounds of a free conſtitution, he bitterly complained that the Militia of the country had been induced by Cromwell to deſert his banners; but he could not accuſe them of dereliction, although his partiſans might try to prove that the allegiance they owed the ſovereign ſhould have ſuperſeded their duty to the land at large. They remained aloof, till the ambition of the crown had viſibly riſen beyond the ſober limits of the power entruſted to it; and when they ſeceded from the executive authority of the King, it was to protect the legiſlative freedom of the people. They had not taken an oath to the individual and ſeparate intereſts of the monarch, their allegiance could not be queſtioned, nor their adherence to the cauſe be conteſted. The univerſal diſpoſition of the country, and the firſt unaltered principles of their inſtitution went to the protection of thoſe rights which regal obſtinacy and pride endeavoured to ſubvert. The Swiſs on the contrary, independently of their being ſupported by the labour of the ſubject, and

conſequently their immediate protectors in every circumſtance of danger, had bound themſelves inviolably to guard and maintain the Conſtitution. If a King—in the wide ſenſe of rational conception *never* more than man—felt it hard to be abandoned by his troops, becauſe they would not fight againſt their brethren and fellow-ſubjects, to whom they were bound by the ſtrongeſt ties, and againſt whom they had never ſworn to advance ſo long as the laws of the country juſtified reſiſtance, what muſt the collective body of a whole nation, ſtruggling to be free, and willing to be juſt *even* to ther oppreſſors, feel, when in the moſt critical moment of exertion, they find the palace they have hitherto reſpected, pregnant with plots *, and the

* It is ſomewhat remarkable that two oppoſite plots, namely on the 10th of Auguſt, upon the ſucceſs of which the fate of France immediately depended, ſhould have met in the very inſtant of exploſion. The priſons had been crowded by both parties; on the ground of ſuſpicion multitudes were confined by the revolutioniſts: and by a premeditated plan of the royaliſts, a large body of their adherents had contrived to mix among them. Theſe men, who had ſecreted fire-arms with them, were in conjuction with the Swiſs, to have thrown Paris into confuſion; during which interval of ſurprize and conſternation, the king, queen, and dauphin, madame de Lamballe, and the reſt of their attendants, would have made the beſt of their way towards the frontiers,

the King they had forgiven, only watching for a favourable opportunity to break through the moſt ſacred engagements, to conſign to ſlaughter the citizen he had engaged to protect, and to replant upon the waſte of freedom the ſcattered branches of oppreſſion? What muſt the widow of a ſlaughtered huſband, the huſband of a murdered wife, the father of a wounded and dying child! what muſt the friendleſs orphan, the devoted ſoldier, and the wronged inhabitant feel, when to two former well-remembered inſtances of perjury and deſertion *, they behold upon the bleeding remains of more than two thouſand citizens, a third unqueſtionable proof of treachery.

What,

tiers, from which quarter the Pruſſian and Auſtrian troops were to proceed by forced marches to the capital.—" *Sed aliter voluére Dii!*" This project was partly found out by a letter which had been concealed in one of the queen's caps, and which a few moments after the delivery, was diſcovered by the officer upon guard. It was on this occaſion, that the violent altercation took place between the royal captives reſpecting the diſtance of the combined armies. The queen inſiſted ſhe had read 52 leagues, and the king poſitively maintained there were only 42 marked; a miſtake by no means ſingular in a ſovereign whoſe edueation perhaps had never pointed out either the geography of the country he had ruled, or the population of it. This altercation of Lewis and Antoinette is ſaid to have terminated in blows, before they were removed to ſeparate apartments in the Temple.

* The infraction of the oath he had taken in the Champs de Mars, when he endeavoured afterwards to get out of the kingdom,

What, let me aſk, is there ſo ſacred in majeſty *, ſo ſolemn or holy in the phantom of dignity, ſo venial in ſceptered mortality, that can palliate the fouleſt impulſe of perverted reaſon? If Charles could complain of the ſeceſſion of his people when he infringed upon their liberty, and when obedience to his will had been treaſon to the ſtate, will not the wrongs of the French nation find an advocate in every candid breaſt for the ſummary vengeance it has taken? Every ſpecies of treachery that wit or intereſt could deviſe had been practiſed againſt the people, long accuſtomed and familiariſed to every ſpecies of

and was ſtopped at Varennes *; and the ſubſequent diſcovery of his correſpondence with the princes at Coblentz. Two flagrant inſtances of perjury which could only be equalled by a third of a more complicated and extended nature.

* In the laſt edition the epithet *modern* was inadvertently attached to this anointed term; but as no man more ſincerely reſpects the conſtitution of Great Britain, which conſiſts of King, Lords, and Commons, I have, in the preſent publication, moſt ſcrupulouſly avoided every expreſſion which might lead the world to believe I was what the French ſtile *un enragé*—a republican leveller.

* The Princeſs Lamballe was unqueſtionably privy to this projected eſcape.—On the morning of her departure, the Queen wrote a laconic note, which contained little more than *Partez*. She quitted Paris immediately, avoiding the direct road, and had ſcarcely got out of the country, when ſhe heard of the king's detention at Varennes.

torture:

torture; but there has been only one ſort of puniſhment exerciſed againſt the traitors whilſt they had exiſtence; and will the captivity of their convicted ſovereign, or the deaths of their perjured agents, be ungenerouſly conſtrued into unprecedented barbarity? When the hereditary King of Great Britain appeared at the tribunal of his people, in the liſt of accuſations there were no oaths—voluntary taken and eagerly embraced—found to be as rapidly broken, and more ardently abandoned; there were no colluſions, conſpiracies, and plots to ſubvert the government he had eſpouſed; no counterſigning of every decree h had ſolemnly ſanctioned in the capital, and by that means ſecretly cancelled among its enemies; there was no immediate correſpondence with the tyrants of a people of whom he affected to be ſtiled the father; no treaſures induſtriouſly concealed from the exhauſted ſubjects to ſupply the neceſſities of the war againſt them. The conduct he maintained, however inimical to the liberties of his people, was at leaſt manly and ſincere. If his inclination to extend the influence of the crown, would not ſtoop to the wiſhes of the land at large, his pride would not extend to pitiful deceit and ſubterfuge. He was conſiſtent in what appeared oppreſſion, reſolute in his deciſions, and ſcrupulouſly juſt in every act but the one

one he fought for. What he had pledged himſelf to ſupport he continued to defend, and without oaths, or ratified and publiſhed profeſſions, and added at leaſt the firm ſincerity of a man to the wild ambition of a King. It had been frequently in his power to convert, by duplicity, the parliament to his intereſt, he could have yielded, as it ſuited his convenience, and correſponded with his views, to the temporary tide of oppoſition; but, although wrong in the deſpotic idea he preſerved of its importance, he would not render the character of ſovereign, the dirty inſtrument of falſhood. He ſtood before the judges of the land without any thing to create diſguſt from ſelfiſhneſs and low intrigue *; he did not ſee upon the clouded forehead of every ſpectator, records of perjury and deceit; or read in the eys of the ſurrounding multitude a full conviction of his treachery—If there were orphans and widows that ſilently deplored their ſlaughtered relatives and friends, there were not any whoſe confidence had been betrayed by the ſemblance of attachment. Every thing that they had loſt, had been loſt in the ſtruggle of contention, in the open combat of King and People. In the divi-

* As the Trial of Louis Capet is ſtill pending, it is impoſſible to decide upon his guilt or innocence. But every man muſt readily ſuppoſe what impreſſions his departure for Varennes muſt have left upon the public mind; and conſequently in what light he appears to the inhabitants of Paris.

ſion

ſion of parties there was a manlineſs of oppoſition. Charles felt it as much beneath the dignity of a firſt magiſtrate, by tampering with their foes, to undermine his people, as his ſtubborn diſpoſition to rule unſhackled by their laws, was above ſubmiſſion. Yet when he was brought to the ſcaffold, the block was not attempted to be removed at home, becauſe juſtice might be miſinterpreted and called barbarity, nor did the interference of any power abroad * put aſide the

* The Dutch alone made a feeble remonſtrance. France, though nearly allied by the marriage of Henrietta, remained an idle ſpectator; and when in a ſubſequent reign, after the abdication of James, ſhe affected to reinſtate the pretender, it was ſoon diſcovered that her motives were very far from being diſintereſted.

The author, during his late reſidence in Paris, was frequently aſked what the Engliſh Cabinet meant by perpetually profeſſing the ſtricteſt neutrality, and inceſſantly making the internal tranſactions of France their ſubjects of diſcuſſion?

In the ſecond volume of La Vie Priveé du Mareſchal de Richelieu, page 62, may be found the following paſſage, which will confirm the obſervation:

The pretender being no longer aſſiſted with ſupplies from France, was entirely defeated in Scotland; he returned to Paris; and to the everlaſting ſhame of France, or rather of the French Court, he was in the midſt of peace arreſted as he came out of the opera, and to pleaſe the Cabinet of Great Britain, was forced to return back to Rome, where his brother, the Duke of York, had received the Cardinal's hat.

axe becauſe the epithet *anointed* ſeeemed to lift a ſovereign beyond the vengeance of inſulted manhood. Europe witneſſed the ſcene, and ſilently ſuffered the oblation to be made to liberty without uniting againſt the individual cauſe of a country, the combined efforts of an alien intereſt. Yet, however lamented the neceſſity of the hour may have rendered the fate of this unfortunate monarch *, the people of England have not forfeited their claim to humanity by the ſolemn ſacrifice they made. And will any man be ſo unjuſt, or wilfully blind to the long oppreſſed ſtate of France, the recent treacheries ſhe has experienced, and the conſequent effuſion of her beſt blood in the maſſacred citizens of Paris, as to term that conduct inhuman, which has never yet exceeded the limits of *abuſed* belief? Will the candid part of mankind haſtily judge of what has paſſed, from mere report, or ſeriouſly liſten to the repreſentations of men, who are

* It is here neceſſary to obſerve, that in the late buſineſs of America, the people of France were totally averſe to the intrigues of the court of Verſailles. In fact, to to make uſe of the expreſſion of a very honeſt French revolutioniſt, the perſons *now* expelled the country are, Vergennes excepted, the identical men who ſo induſtriouſly ſtrove to ruin England in every ſituation. Fayette, being at the time a mere machine, will not invalidate the remark; D'Artois, on the contrary, may confirm it.

either

either in the pay of faction, or callous to every impulſe of truth and liberty? Will the people be called cruel while the ſovereign is ſpared in the centre of the blood he ſpills *? or ſuppoſed *naturally* inhuman becauſe they have caſt from them a brood of ſerpents that have baſked in their indulgence, and ſecretly infected the vitals of the conſtitution?

Summary puniſhments too often bear the appearance of cruelty and injuſtice. Mankind in general will not allow themſelves to diſcriminate between the neceſſity of the moment, the probable certainty of guilt, and the inevitable danger of delay; they will not ſee in *their* ſenſe and opinion of things, that to prevent one † guiltleſs man falling among thouſands of convicted

* As I have frequently remarked, it matters little whether the late king of France were guilty or not of the various crimes alledged againſt him.—The nation at large *believed* he was, and many circumſtances contributed towards that perſuaſion—Yet ſo far from exerciſing the dictates of hatred and revenge, when he was brought to the capital after his flight to Varennes, a dead ſilence pervaded every rank.—Nor did they ſeek the deſtruction of the royal family on the 10th of Auguſt, although it was univerſally thought that Louis XVI. had occaſioned the the maſſacre.

† Far be it from the author to inſinuate, moſt diſtantly, againſt the old maxim, that it is better to let fifty or a hundred villians eſcape the gallows, than to hang one innocent man. Until the

convicted traitors, conſpiracies may ultimately cruſh a nation.

A reference to the reports of the National Aſſembly, during the uninterrupted ſeſſion of the 10th of Auguſt *, will fully corroborate the ſubſtance of theſe obſervations. If they ſhould convince the Engliſh nation—too eaſily miſled by the reports of intereſted parties—That a people, ſurrounded by foreign foes, and alienated natives—the worſt of foes—ſtruggling to be free, and like itſelf determined to die or vanquiſh in the cauſe, are only called cruel and inconſiſtent becauſe they will not be betrayed; the author of theſe curſory obſervations (partly written in France, and growing out of an intimate acquaintance with the people) will feel himſelf highly gratified in having aſſerted what he religiouſly believes; but

king was dethroned, this country ſeemed ſtruck with wonder at the moderation which had marked the progreſs of the French Revolution. The few that had been ſacrificed were univerſally ſuppoſed to have deſerved their untimely fate. Nor did the diſcovered innnocence of the bailiff of St. Dennis, who was murdered a few days after the taking of the Baſtille, while the author of the preſent pamphlet was in the place, entail upon the ſubverters of tyranny, unqualified abhorrence. We juſtly placed it among the lamentable effects of popular revenge.

* The reader will be pleaſed to recollect that I have uniformly ſeparated the engagement of the 10th of Auguſt, from the horrid maſſacre of the 2d and the 3d of September.

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he muſt be doubly ſo, ſhould he find that his opinion does not militate againſt the ſentiments of a juſt and candid country * ?

Whatever

* When the public at large are informed, and the writer of theſe remarks has witneſſed the intention,—that cruelties are alalready deviſed by the emigrants; when they underſtand that the extirpation of the whole Orleans' family, becauſe it has oppoſed the houſe of Bourbon in various inſtances, is marked down in the proſcription of many thouſands; when they learn that the refined and educated mind can coolly anticipate tortures and confiſcations, and ſecretly rejoice in the premeditated ruin of millions, who openly reſiſt oppreſſion, will the people's exertions be blackened and wrongfully diſcoloured, becauſe an enraged and unenligtened mob, executes protracted juſtice? An emigrant, whoſe ſoftneſs of manners, in general converſation, perfectly diſplayed the gentleman, (a term, though current among courtiers, that is often uſed to conceal the fouleſt principles) on being aſked, within theſe three weeks, (Auguſt 25, 1792,) how the Orleans' family would be treated, ſhould the king and the princes be reſtored, replied with the utmoſt compoſure, that, *as it was a branch of the blood royal, the whole race would be gradually taken off; which*, continued he, *will be effected in the following manner;—After having been treated with appareut kindneſs and civility for a few days, it will be rumoured through Paris, that Monſ. de Monpenſier was ſuddenly indiſpoſed "une colique enfin finira ſon affaire," which in plain Engliſh means a doſe of poiſon; Mademoiſelle, &c. if within their reach. are to ſhare the ſame fate:* the duke was not mentioned. It was to the writer of this anecdote that the converſation was addreſſed, which concluded with two or three of the ſame *gentlemen* and *gentle ſouls* declaring they ſhould never be ſatisfied till they had feaſted on the *roaſted heart of a democrat.* I ſhould not have repeated this anecdote, eſpecially the laſt ſentence of it, if the

Whatever effect an honeſt reference to facts may produce upon the commcn mind; whether it wipe away exaggerated cruelties, or leave them to gather ſtrength from circulated ſalſehoods; whether the lower order and commonalty of a neighbouring kingdom, are to be undeſervedly ſtigmatized to ſatisfy the views of the upper in England or elſewhere; whether kings, queens, and princes; dukes, marquiſſes, and counts, are to inſult creation, from mere nominal precedence, by every vice and infamy, and the people *only* to be puniſhed in the calamities they produce; whether, in fact, the machine of entruſted government is to be variouſly turned, as it ſuits the purpoſes of courts, into an inſtrument of torture for thoſe who made and *muſt* ſupport it: Whether a ſyſtem ſo widely deſtructive of general good and juſt humanity, is to be ſhielded from the glorious attack of univerſal philanthropy, or placed beyond correction; to the revolted mind of an individual, prejudiced by the mock repreſentations of barbarity *, are queſtions

induſtrious circulators of falſhoods in this country, did not eagerly retail the moſt paltry circumſtances to blacken the whole of the French nation.

* The ſame people, who within the laſt two years have execrated the very name of the court of Verſailles, when the horrors of

queſtions of feeble import for the moment; but they carry along with them the moſt ſerious conſequences in the proſpect of hereafter.

of the Baſtille were repreſented on the ſtage; who have ſhuddered at the inventive cruelty of kings and miniſters, when the ſtory of the iron maſk has been repeated, and it cannot be contradicted; theſe ſame well-meaning, but deluded Engliſhmen, will ſhrink from the cauſe of public emancipation, at the falſe account that is given of a few birds of prey that have been ſhaken from their perches. Four years had elapſed ſince the commencement of the revolution, and fewer lives were loſt in the completion of it, than yearly marked the tyranny of the houſe of Bourbon. In confirmation of which aſſertion, ſtand upon record, the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the maſſacre of ſeveral thouſands of proteſtants, and the exile of the remainder of that devoted ſect, to gratify the prieſthood and their bigoted enigmatical patroneſs, Madame de Maintenon. With reſpect to the iron maſk, the following account is authentic:

"Nothing could, therefore, juſtify Louis XIV. in his inhuman conduct towards his brother, or palliate his unwarrantable exertions of power when he deprived him of the deareſt bleſſing a man enjoys, *natural liberty*, and dragged him from his retreat in the Iſlands of the Hiéres to be buried in the Baſtille forty years; during which period the unhappy priſoner was obliged to have his features conſtantly concealed beneath an iron maſk: and orders were given to execute the ſentence of death upon him the inſtant he ſhould diſcover himſelf.—This was a proof of tyranny ſcarcely ever exceeded by the deſpots of Aſia.—Vol. 1ſt p. 52.

The

The politician, whoſe line of conduct is not to be turned by ſpecious ſentiment, or partial inconveniance; whoſe duty to the land at large abſorbs the pitiful ſuggeſtions of private friendſhip and individual commiſeration, will readily ſeparate the misfortunes of a few from the great general object of national conſideration. He will not haſtily yield to limited philanthropy or confined attachment, when an expiring, or a mutilated individual is placed before him—His nature may be ſurprized into momentary pity; but the more weighty cauſe of public calamity muſt ſmother every impulſe ſhe can awaken. The fate of the Princeſs Lamballe (when a beautiful form and facinating countenance appear diveſted of their inward vices, lifeleſs and disfigured) excites compaſſion: in the vulgar and uninformed, the ſpectacle of a murdered beauty, *even* with recollectrd guilt about her, ſeldom fails to produce that ſort of ſenſation, which, as it precludes the rigid narrative of truth and juſtice, is always open to the tale of art. But when the politician ſeriouſly beholds the dreadful conſequences of her intrigues with the Queen *; when he ſees her wilfully

* It is to be hoped that the refinements of luſt and paſſion have not arrived at that exceſs of human depravity, which in confounding,

wilfully co-operating with her to undermine the flattered hopes of twenty-ſix millions of devoted ſubjects, does not reaſon tell him that mere birth and beauty are feeble advocates for treaſon and ambition? Although her colluſion in the moſt barbarous projects of a vindictive † and unfeeling miſtreſs might be

ing, or rather aſſimilating ſexes to one another that were meant to be for ever ſeparate, makes every principle of nature change.

† As a declaration, ſaid to have been repeatedly madeby the preſent q—n of France, is current through every village of the country, it may be mentioned on this occaſion; and the writer hopes that neither illiberality nor aſperſion will be ſuppoſed the prompters. Her moſt *Chriſtian* majeſty has been heard to ſay, ſhe ſhould never be ſatisfied till ſhe could bathe in Frenchmen's blood.

Since this unfortunate lady is become the ſource of inſpiration to our modern heroes in chivalry, it were to be wiſhed that her reputation could be reſcued from accumulated calumnies by ſomething more convincing than has hitherto been offered. Mr. Burke's favourite adoption of the dagger.—That *glorious* antidote to inſult, and every *Chriſtian-like* means, to ruſh by *ſuicide* into eternity—puts us in mind of Marat's piſtol at the opening of the preſent Convention.—The ſame enthuſiaſtic vehemence has actuated, from various cauſes, theſe oppoſite buſtlers on the ſcene of national diſcuſſion; and the ſame ridicule, I fear, has accrued to both; with this difference, that Marat's piſtol was to have been aimed againſt himſelf: Burke's dagger to have been converted into a ſort of enchanted lance for the knights of reviving chivalry.

Parturient montes naſcetur ridiculus mus.

be extenuated by the private man, it cannot by the public guardian and protector. If miniſters, in the adminiſtration of neceſſary meaſures, were to liſten to partial inconvenience, or private diſcontent, the veſſel of ſtate would ſoon be driven out of her courſe, and every misfortune follow that gathers from diſorder;

The author of this unbiaſſed pamphlet—and he defies the moſt ingenious to ſay that it has been written from one ſelfiſh or party-motive—has been repeatedly aſked why any Engliſhman ſhould undertake the defence of Frenchmen? It may not be ridiculous to anſwer this ſingular queſtion by propoſing another—namely why the preſent adminiſtration and their adherents ſeem to think it abſolutely neceſſary for the good of the ſtate to blacken and inſult them? Without entering too minutely into the complicated ſyſtems of a country actually convulſed, it may, perhaps, be ſeaſonable to advert to the ſource of the many various opinions which have iſſued from it; and if theſe opinions ſhould be thought injurious;—although no man can prove them ſo—the rational part of mankind will only have to lament that talents confeſſedly great and brilliant, ſhould form an intellectual Hydra, productive of eternal miſchief. It is but a ſhort time ſince the vengeance of the Almighty was to have hurled a good and virtuous monarch from his throne.—Not ſatisfied with a direct recantation of every ſentiment he then maintained, his diſturbed imagination, hurried through a perpetual labyrinth of marvellous conjecture and pious rage, pours forth its anathemas againſt twenty-ſix millions of inhabitants, whoſe general conduct and principles he either wilfully miſconſtrues, or deplorably miſtakes.—*Quam diſpar ſibi!*

I can-

der; but let it not be inferred from this remark, that kings and courts are to exact unneceſſary labour.—Although they muſt foreſee, with their innumerable train of calamities, the unavoidable evils which will occur to the body compact, ſhould private conſiderations ſuperſede public neceſſity; nevertheleſs, if the principle be perverted for themſelves and friends at the expence of the loweſt ſubject, the accumulated vengeance of the land deſervedly falls upon them.

I cannot diſmiſs this note without obſerving, that there never perhaps exiſted a greater inſtance of miſtaken zeal, than on the memorable diſplay of the dagger. Before the tide of eloquence was at its full, this illuſtrative argument was delivered to the orator, after it had been ſtript of its *coat of fiction*—a newſpaper.—The tragi-comical effect it exhibited is too generally known to be dwelt upon here; but as the deſtiny of the Three Thouſand may not, the public are aſſured, that Seventy were ſent acroſs the Pas de Calais, about the 22d of laſt October—The reſt, I preſume, have been ſince delivered. The *glorious* one in queſtion,—which, like Belinda's Lock, will be immortalized—may be the original depoſited at a certain public office; but would not the exhibition have produced more immediate ſympathy of horror and reſentment, had an Anglo-Gallican ſurprized the H——e—

The brain too nicely wrought,
Preys on itſelf and is deſtroy'd by Thought.
CHURCHILL.

Might we not add———

The loaves and fiſhes hang on contradiction;
And truth muſt ſtarve while plenty clings to fiction.

The horrors of war, when viewed within the limits of domeſtic ſympathy and feeling, afflict the relative, diſtreſs the friend, and wound the moſt common acquaintance. To the politician, the ſtateſman, and the man of wide intelligence, they only prove, that as dominion is the eternal purſuit of nations, perpetual warfare muſt iſſue from the object. In the preſent deplorable ſtate of France, the loſſes of individuals ſhould be looked at through no other light than that of national convulſion. The recollection of what one, or fifty men, may ſuffer, while the public cauſe is on the brink of ruin, ſhould never operate beyond ſecret pity and momentary ſorrow. The inſtant any partial calamity preſſes on reflection, public danger ſhould diſſipate the thought, and the deareſt ſentiment give way to general philanthropy.

With much induſtry, and no ſmall art, the enemies of the preſent glorious, and, with all its intermediate woes and bloodſhed, ultimately bleſt event in France, have endeavoured to prejudice the *only* generous nation which has not openly declared againſt her *. Almoſt all

* When Engliſhmen begin to appear leſs ſuſceptible of the mutually communicated ſpark of liberty, it may reaſonably be ſuppoſed

all the prints in circulation, (which however, fortunately for the cauſe of truth and freedom, are uniformly contradictory to each other) teem with the groſſeſt miſrepreſentations of the unhappy effects of civil commotion: There is ſcarcely one, ſufficiently candid or honeſtly informed, to trace the evils to their ſource; nor any ſufficiently juſt to acknowledge the long continued catalogue of provocations which have driven the multitude to ſummary chaſtiſe-

poſed that they are either awed by the aſcendancy of miniſterial influence, or grown effeminate with eaſe and luxury. Their preſent neutrality, the policy of which ſeems narrow in the extreme, may be the reſult of ſecret alliances abroad, and pitiful ſpeculation at home. When adminiſtration armed for Oczakow, and previouſly to that, amuſed the country with the bugbear of convention, inſult and depredation on one ſide, and the balance of power on the other, were hung out as the convenient cradles of finance, to rock us into ready acquieſcence.

As the Dutch, with the characteriſtic prudence of the country, have wiſely declined entering into a war on the pitiful plea of a temporary navigation up the Scheldt being an infraction of exiſting treaties, it is to be hoped, that the honeſt and induſtrious trader of this iſland will not be expoſed to perpetual loſſes by a precipitate declaration of hoſtilities on our part. Every pretext, we know, would be uſed to gratify the wiſhes of a few perſons who are determined to quarrel with the French, becauſe *they* carefully avoid quarrelling with us. Whenever there ſhall be cauſe for war, it is to be hoped, the reſentment of the Britiſh Lion will not degenerate into the pitiful rage of a barking whelp or puppy.

ment; men, who in their cloſets have not ſcrupled to excuſe the worſt of cruelties, on the ground of neceſſity, condemn the French for having been dragged into murder and confiſcation by accumulated treaſons, without affording to the public the viſible wrongs that rouſed them into madneſs. The *audi alteram partem*, ſo long the motto of a court of juſtice, and the leading maxim to deciſion of every Engliſhman, no longer actuates in the mind of prejudiced credulity. Each one repreſents, in minute detail, the effects of popular reſentment; and without ſuffering the firſt impulſe of nature, chilled by the ghaſtly appearance of mutilated bodies, to be governed by reflection, every feature of the frame is diſplayed in blood, while the lurking cauſe of all is kept from obſervation. The remains of outward elegance and grandeur get the better of their owner's living littleneſs and inward deformity *.

The

* It may not be irrevalent, on the preſent occaſion, to aſk, why the precipitate execution of a few ennobled traitors (in an inſtant of frenzy and deſpair) by a very ſmall body of the nations, ſhould argue againſt its humanity, or invalidate the cauſe of liberty, when the moſt ſolemn inſtances of death in this country remain juſtified in hiſtory? When the beautiful (as virtuous as ſhe was beautiful) Lady Jane Grey accompanied and ſhared the fate of her loved lord upon the ſcaffold, was England ſtigmatized

The inſtantaneous deſtruction of a guilty favourite, and the ſummary deſtruction of a brood of vigilant conſpirators, will have weight enough with inconſiderately humane or intereſted individuals, to make the ſtruggles of inſulted manhood appear diſguſting, while the endangered lives of a whole country muſt be forgotten or paſſed over. Surely there is as much barbarity in a few perſons, however titled and conſequently flattered by the vanity of rank, plotting the annihilation of many millions, as there can be ſeverity in the puniſhment of *their* treaſon? When the bleeding head of the unfortunate Lamballe, with her entrails twiſted under, her heart, as a mock-coronet, above it, was raiſed upon a pike, and expoſed beneath the windows of the Q——; when it was lifted to her view, and uſhered into notice by an exclamation * that would have harrowed up the boſom of the fierceſt

tized by Europe? Or, to make the circumſtances of the times more intimately congruous, are we ſuppoſed to be incapable of tenderneſs becauſe 40,000 Danes were murdered by their Engliſh wives and relatives in one night? In the rebellion of 1745, the diſtances on the road to Edinburgh were diſtinguiſhed by ſuſpended traitors, inſtead of mile-ſtones.

* When the mayor of Paris, after ſome perſuaſion, had induced the king and queen to appear at the window, the latter was

fierceſt ſavage, did royalty drop a tear, or mourn the victim of attachment? She ſaw the bleeding trunk; but as all her hopes did not periſh with the extinction

was inſtantly ſaluted with a general cry—****! "*voi ton ouvrage!*" On the mob retiring, with the head and body of her favourite, ſhe is ſaid to have taken her ſeat, apparently unaffected, and to have picked a bunch of grapes with the greateſt *ſang-froid.* Since the publication of the firſt edition of this pamphlet, the author has reviſited Paris—A part of each day, during a reſidence of fourteen, was ſcrupulouſly devoted to enquiries concerning the 10th of Auguſt, and the 2d and 3d of September. With regard to the affair in the Tuilleries, he could obtain no other information than a confirmed opinion that a counter-revolution was expected from it by the royaliſts. Perſons of no inconſiderable ſituation were diſcovered among the Swiſs—An inhabitant, by no means *un enragè*, aſſured the author that, on ſeeing one of the dead bodies ſtript, he recognized the features of a gentleman notoriouſly inimical to the revolution. The Swiſs, added he, moſt certainly fired firſt, but whether from accident or deſign he could not tell—The circumſtances attending this tranſaction, which has been publickly mentioned in a very different light, are too intereſting to be omitted. After the king had reviewed the Swiſs and retired to his apartments, which faced the gardens on one ſide, and extended with the queen's, &c. to that part of the wing which is oppoſite to the Pont Royale, a converſation, or rather a ſort of reciprocal jeering enſued between a Swiſs centinel and one of the Marſeillois, who was ſtationed at the bottom of the large ſtaircaſe. It ended in the former tauntingly placing himſelf in an unſoldier-like poſture, reverſing his firelock, and ſaying, *This is the way you* Sans Culottes *ſhould parade*—At the ſame inſtant his piece went off, and ſhot the Marſeillois a little above the ancle—His comrades ruſhed in and the fracas began.

of

of a faithful and deluded friend, ſhe roſe above private ſenſibility, and turned reflection to the public cauſe *. And are ſtrangers to imbibe diſguſt and deteſtation, to become the enemies of truth and freedom, and to blacken the character of a whole people, becauſe they have torn avowed conſpiracy from the land, they are ſtruggling to make free?

If ſovereigns can ſo readily reſign the ſtrongeſt ties of private affection, when the object of their ambition is to be attained through blood and devaſtation, may not ſubjects raiſe the acquiſition of juſtice and liberty beyond partial feeling? Had the revolution of France roſe out of the immediate ruins of Verſailles and the ſuburbs of St. Germain, in lieu of the Baſtille and thoſe of St. Antoine; had De Launay, Foulon, and the reſt of his aſſociates in plunder and monopoly, been reſerved for national enquiry, deſpotiſm would have ſunk, with its many heads, amidſt the waſte of inſulting grandeur, and a permanent government moſt probably have been eſtabliſhed without anarchy and war.

To return therefore to an original and undiſputed aſſertion, the writer of this Extenuation muſt ſtill main-

* Various are the opinions of the French relative to this circumſtance—I enquired of ſeveral perſons whether it were true or falſe—Their anſwer was uniformly—*Elle eſt capable de tout.*

tain

tain that, perhaps Dillon alone excepted, there has not been one inſtance of unprovoked ſeverity, miſnamed barbarity, ſince the 14th of July, 1789, to the 4th of September, 1792. In the ungovernable frenzy of a mob, there is no guarding againſt accidental calamity; and however deep the ſtain of murder may appear at the firſt glance of ſuffering commiſeration; however wide the gaping wounds of individuals, whoſe guilt is induſtriouſly concealed from honeſt inveſtigation by the enemies of freedom in this county; time will certainly draw off the veil; and ſhew to wondering poſterity the phantom we now ſee dreſſed in all the horrors of tragic exhibition.

When Prince Lambeſc, at the head of the royal Allemand, cut down the crippled beggar near the Tuilleries, while age, want, and infirmity, had deprived him of the means to withdraw, was not the death of that one individual as ſerious to community, as would have been the fall of a courtier or dependant*? The blood of one innocent man, though the moſt

* The immediate effect which this action of a hot-headed courtier produced, and which was the firſt inſtance of bloodſhed in the revolution, manifeſtly ſhows that the grievances of the people were arrived at their higheſt pitch. The populace ruſhed,

moſt wretched in ſubjection, cries louder for revenge than would the annihilation of a thouſand guilty courts. The circumſtances attending the horrid maſſacre of St. Barthelemi, the blood and miſery produced by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the continual unpuniſhed murders of the nobles * in the ſtreets of Paris; and the tortures of the Baſtille, were not ſo far removed, or weakened in tradition, as to remain unnoticed by the moſt ignorant inhabitant. The court alone had been remarked, during a ſucceſſion of kings, as the only ſource of murder and deſolation; where, while tyranny ſat upon the waſte of public property, the nation was invariably rendered the prey of factions, either to pleaſe the ambition of a monarch in unneceſſary wars, or to glut the ap-

like a torrent, to the Baſtille, and demanded arms; what followed is too well known to need repetition. The ſober part of Engliſhmen ſhould not forget that, until the deſtruction of the Baſtille, the Hiſtory of France does not afford one example of maſſacre, occaſioned by the people; many may be found the immediate conſequence of court-diviſions, and of fanatic inſtigations.

* When the Cardinal Richelieu wiſhed to get rid of a troubleſome individual, he received him with great attention. The unfortunate man was no ſooner introduced to the miniſter in a private room, than being politely requeſted to ſtep into an adjoining cabinet, he ſuddenly diſappeared, and was cut to pieces—He was then ſaid to have paſſed *Par les Oubliettes.*

petites of pimps and concubines in diſhonourable ſcenes of no leſs injurious peace.

It has generally been remarked, and experience proves the obſervation to be correct, that the guilty part of mankind are often careſſed by fortune in ſo blind a manner, as to make the virtuous ſtagger at the diſtribution of human bleſſings. But when we coolly trace in the records of tradition, and compare the events of nations with the fate of individuals, an unerring principle of right is ever to be diſtinguiſhed, however triumphant, for a time, the crooked artifices of wrong may ſeem. The court of Verſailles had, for a ſeries of years, been the ſeat of every enormity that nature can abhor, morality forbid, and principle deteſt *. Murder, inceſt, and ſodomy, had

* During the regency of the duke of Orleans, in the minority of Louis XV. every abomination was allowed.

" It would be ſuperfluous to enumerate his debaucheries, as they are too well known. The Luxemburgh, where his daughter, the ducheſs of Berry reſided, was the favourite temple in which he indulged himſelf in the moſt unbounded luſt. This lady, as well as her ſiſter, had been in criminal habits of intimacy with the regent, their own father; ſuch, however, was the variety of their inclinations to vice, that they were perpetually directed to-

wards

had each their ſeveral protections in the lawleſs ſyſtem of ignorant kings and intereſted ſtateſmen *. Yet the expulſion of ſo much infamy, the correction of ſuch extended vice, and an honeſt wiſh to renovate the waſted conſtitution of a country diſeaſed by the contamination of its nobles, muſt be harſhly treated with abuſe, becauſe the remaining evils have not been tampered with, but reſolutely rooted out, to prevent the cancerous growth of multiplied infection?

wards different objects; notwithſtanding theſe mutual infidelities, they frequently met, and were extremely cordial." Vol. 1ſt p. 54.

Speaking of the Mareſchal de Richelieu, the hiſtorian does not ſcruple to accuſe him of unnatural crimes.

"His attachment to women by no means prevented his propenſity to an unnatural gratification with the other ſex, and which the female have ſo much reaſon to reprobate; mademoiſelle de Charolois, who had a young handſome Swiſs in her ſervice, more than once upbraided Richelieu for having been too attentive to him." Vol. 1. p. 76.

* Willing to believe what humanity dictates, I will ſuppoſe Louis XVI. to be a virtuous and good man, and only to have been miſled by weakneſs—The government of the country was, nevertheleſs, equally bad, and the evil conſequences naturally fell upon him. As Milton juſtly remarks:

All wickedneſs is weakneſs.

If the French—I mean the nation at large—were naturally barbarous; if cruelty alone, and not the emancipation of oppreſſed ſubjection, were their principle of action, have they not been ſufficiently provoked to put into practice, on the admitted ground of retaliation, all the refinements of mental pain, and bodily chaſtiſement? Have they not been ſufficiciently inſtructed by the ſtudied barbarities of the court, the diſcovered inſtruments of torture in the dungeons of the Baſtille, and the well-remembered execution of Damien*, for having touched the pampered frame of an oppreſſive maſter.—Were not pincers

* He was torn to pieces by wild horſes, after having been variouſly tortured for three days. His nails were plucked out and boiling lead was poured into the bleeding ſockets of his eye-balls, in ſmall drops, not to occaſion immediate death: and for what? for having, as has already been remarked, attempted the life of an individual; who was only diſtinguiſhed from the moſt corrupted, and the moſt debauched of his ſubjects, by committing exceſſes within a palace, and by having a diadem to ſhield his vices! The memoirs, to which the intelligent reader may refer for more extended proofs, juſtly obſerve;

"There are only two things which a king ſhould neceſſarily learn. To *reward* and *puniſh* with propriety; the firſt is a ſpur to virtue, the other a reſtraint upon vice. It is of little conſequence to community to proclaim that a king is, individually conſi-

pincers, ſtocks of pointed and infected iron, croſſes, razors to divide by inches, and a thouſand other inventions of court-oppreſſion, ever within their reach, to ſatisfy the wildeſt dictates of ſavage inclination? Could they not have converted the council chamber of Verſailles, the apartments of the Louvre, the Tuilleries, and the Temple, into receptacles of racks? Could

conſidered, good and virtuous; if I am rendered unhappy by the miſconduct of others, of what ſervice to me are *his* benevolence and virtue; or how am I benefited by the excellence of my ſovereign's heart, if his authority and power are veſted in the hands of men, who make an improper exertion of them, and under the ſanction of *his* name, plunge me into a dungeon; who rob me of my little property; who plunder the public, and unjuſtly conceal the oppreſſion and the debt by obtaining a freſh warrant from the council which obliges me to pay what I do not owe? If there were perſons who had firmneſs enough to collect, and make a comparative diſplay of the different edicts, warrants, and declarations which have been ſigned by Louis XV. they would diſcover, without much difficulty, that he had, in the courſe of a very ſhort period, created and annulled the ſelf-ſame object. How often did he put up the municipal offices to ſale, and when ſold as often ſuppreſs them to the ruin of individuals. What can be ſaid in juſtification of a ſovereign who himſelf depreciates and cries down the public currency which the laws have ſanctioned, and who openly ſays to his confidential friends—*Be cautious how you accept of bills drawn upon the king, have nothing to do with them, for they are not worth a farthing*; what, in ſhort, can be ſaid in favour of a king who ungenerouſly ſpeculates in thoſe bills which appear to be the moſt productive?" Vol. 2. p. 13.

When

Could they not have lined the ſtreets with the crucified bodies of acknowledged traitors? Could they not, in a word, have erected a ſcaffold under the windows of the Temple, and partially have put into execution the publiſhed wiſh of a vindictive woman *? Could they not have exhibited to her view the writhing nakedneſs of Lamballe, and ingenuouſly have tortured the frame ſhe is ſaid to have careſſed and loved? There was no novelty to create diſguſt or horror? They had been tutured into cruelty by

When a people, fully and ſeverely made acquainted with ſuch an exceſs of tyranny and corruption, and only kept in ſubjection by iron bolts and fetters, are ſuddenly let looſe, can Europe be ſurprized at the aberrations of inſulted manhood? Unhappy country which has thus been made the ſacrifice of long oppreſſion in one ſenſe, and a victim to the ungovernable enthuſiaſm of liberty in another. How different is the ſituation of England! However abuſes may have crept in, from the mildneſs of its government, no change can be productive of much national calamity. If ſuch a change *ſhould* take place, the fault would lie with thoſe who, knowing the means to prevent murmur and diſcontent, have neither worth nor ſpirit to adopt them.

* As I am accounting for the calamities of the 10th of Auguſt, and 2d and 3d of September, the following extract from a French work may be in point:—O Francais! peuple vraiment grand, peuple en effet digne d'être le modèle de tous les peuples. Si tu étois moins crédule et moins, facile à tromper! tu étois convaincu qu' Antoinette avoit dit plus d'une fois qu'elle *ne ſeroit contente que quand elle auroit lavé ſes mains dans ton ſang.*

the

the predeceſſors and miniſters of the king they ſpared. The eye of every inhabitant had been long accuſtomed to the moſt exquiſite pangs that torture could produce; and his heart, naturally callous and obdurate, would have required no ſingular impulſe of barbarity, to repeat what courts and miniſters had practiſed, if the nobler principles of Freedom did not teach him to reſpect himſelf.

Extraordinary as it muſt appear to thoſe who may have been miſled by the falſe repreſentations of a few frightened men, or intereſted partizans, it is nevertheleſs incontrovertibly true, that the common bounds of decency have never once been tranſgreſſed by the executive agents of popular reſentment, *previous* to the death of the ſuſpected and proſcribed object. If driven to madneſs by the diſcovery of accumulated treachery, and a continuation of it in the priſons they ſuppoſed were ſafe, they exerciſed unuſual ſeverity upon the remains of the dead, it was to deter the living; and to convince the ſecret aſſaſſins of the country, that wherever falſhood and treachery ſhould be found, ſummary puniſhment would follow. Have we not in Great Britain ſeen Temple-Bar exhibiting the heads of rebellious ſubjects; and almoſt every part of

the iſland marked by confiſcations? And is the difference ſo great between a ſtationary ſcene of execution, and a moving ſpectacle of treaſon? Or is a great cauſe, confeſſedly revered by the beſt and wiſeſt of mankind, although ſuſceptible of much temporary evil, to be debaſed and leſſened by falſe reaſoning? When La Motte, the French ſpy, was executed at Tyburn, it was not thought cruel or unjuſt to tear from his reeking-boſom a palpitating heart, or deemed inhuman to hold it up for general obſervation. If nations were to be judged by the ſentiments of individuals, politics muſt ceaſe to operate, and government be found only where intereſt could not influence, opinion ſway, nor paſſion actuate. But as it is the fate of mortality to be eternally at variance with itſelf, and as neither philoſophy nor experience can eſtabliſh ſyſtems of univerſal concord among nations, it becomes every man to look largely into events, and not to prejudge from partial feeling or convenience.

Sufficient, perhaps, has been ſaid on a ſubject which requires no other argument to do away the moſt ungenerous impreſſions, than a candid ſurvey of facts; and which, if viewed in the light they ſhould be, will neither draw upon the preſent defenders

ders of liberty the abhorrence of their contemporaries, nor entail upon their deſcendants the ſcorn or cenſure of poſterity. It only remains briefly to explain the conſequences of this wonderful revolution as far as regards the balance of power in Europe. Without entering into a diſcuſſion of the moſt pitiful reaſon ever advanced by men for the preſent combination of forces againſt the cauſe of liberty, namely, that it *is the general cauſe of Kings* *, every politician will agree that the intereſt of Great Britain appears in a peculiar manner to be interwoven with the fate of the Revolutioniſts. Miniſters, however ſecure they may be, for the moment, in the confidence they have acquired through a fortunate concurrence of circumſtances abroad, and a flattering tranquillity at home; however plumed by the neutrality they ſpeciouſly hold out as a permanent ſource of wealth, and a ſtability of power, ſhould not, for the ſake of ſituation, keep from the public the dangers of futurity. Mr.

* As this is the current ſentence of the hour, it may not be ridiculous to aſk whether the cauſe of nations, and of many millions of people, be not as important to mankind, as that of eight or nine individuals ſupported by their labour? This is a plain Engliſh queſtion, which cannot be anſwered by foreign ſophiſty.

Pitt, whoſe character as a ſtateſman, muſt ever remind us of Pope's celebrated line,

> Peace is my dear delight, not Fleury's more *,
> But touch me, and no miniſter ſo ſore!

although

* The following extract from the private memoirs of the Mareſchal de Richelieu, may corroborate an obſervation which is by no means inapplicable to the ſtate of Great Britain It may ſhew the enthuſiaſtic admirers of the preſent adminiſtration, that the ſolid and real proſperity of country does not riſe from confined advantages.

"Although Fleury did not poſſeſs any of thoſe ſhining qualities which conſtitute the great miniſter, yet France was happy during the whole of his adminiſtration. The kingdom ſoon put on a very different appearance. Drained to the laſt by the ruinous ſpeculation of Law, a celebrated Scotch arithmetician, the Cardinal imagined that there were reſources enough in the country to reſtore the ſhattered ſtate of its finances. Like an able phyſician, who is well acquainted with the ſtate of his patient, and not daring to adminiſter any violent remedy, leaves him to the care of ſimple nature, which effectually cures him, the Cardinal who never liked war, and who, in fact, had not abilities to carry it on, but was enamoured with tranquillity, conſtantly bought peace at any price. Fleury never could look largely into events. The adminiſtration of Fleury, who as it may be eaſily diſcovered by his operations, was by no means a great man, has involved every ſucceding one, and ſtamped it with defalcation. It is poſſible that the next reign may experience the limited ſpecula-

tions

although ſenſibly alive to the moſt trifling encroachment upon the influence of himſelf or friends over the internal government of the country, either does not, *or will* not ſee the eventual miſchiefs which muſt ariſe to Great Britain ſhould the coalition of the North entirely ſubdue the French.

It has been inceſſantly alledged, as an unanſwerable argument againſt the advocates for Reform, that the French Revolution is the precedent we are to follow in this country—This plauſible pretext, either to involve us in a continental war, or to degrade the good principles of the French Revolutioniſts, being ſtrengthened by the intemperate expreſſion of a * member of the National Convention, has gained ground in almoſt every quarter of the kingdom. Although it is not my intention to enter into any detail of a ſubject which has already been ably handled by men of the firſt abilities in this and the neighbouring country, nevertheleſs I cannot diſmiſs it wholly without endeavouring to refute a very falſe, and I am ſorry to add, a very prevalent idea. In ſo doing, I

tions of this, and probably ſhews that trick and cabal were only ſandy props of temporary finance.

* Roberſpiere.

am well aware of the powerful current which now runs againſt the very mention of the term, and of the little faith I ſhall conſequently obtain, however plain and unequivocal my reaſoning may be. But as I have undertaken to extenuate the general character and principles of the French nation at large, I ſhould be deficient did I omit an occaſion wherein it is common candour to juſtify their conduct towards Great Britain. In a late curious opinion which the exiled ungovernable author of the Rights of Man ſubmitted to the Convention relative to the trial of Louis XVI. the ſovereign of Great Britain was mentioned with pitiful diſreſpect——An addreſs was likewiſe received, which the preſent government have conſtrued into a premeditated plan of invaſion; and many trivial circumſtances have been collected together to force Engliſhmen into a belief that the preſent ſyſtem of France was not only to expel deſpots from oppreſſed countries, but likewiſe to annihilate royalty under *whatever* denomination it might exiſt. The monarchical government of this iſland, it has been ſedulouſly preſſed upon the minds of the people, was to yield to the moſt unreſtrained exertion of republican principles. Without adverting to the contradiction of terms which is viſible in almoſt every

decla-

declaration of the preſent hour of obſtinate incredulity, *wherever* the French *could* be juſtified in their behaviour to us, I ſhall ſimply remark, that the ſenſible part of the French nation invariably make a diſtinction between the conſtitution of Great Britain, and other governments.—Unqualified declarations, iſſuing from intemperate debates, can never be juſtly conſtrued into the ſenſe of the people at large—It is therefore beneath the generoſity of a great nation to impute the expreſſions of individuals, or to miſinterpret decrees, for the mere purpoſes of pique and defamation. A very able French writer, on the preſent Revolution, juſtly obſerved to me, that although George the Third was ſtiled king of *England*, he was only *nominally* ſo, being in fact nothing more than one of the three parts which conſtitute the government of Great Britain; "a government, added "he, which we ſhould have adopted, had not our "princes excited a foreign combination againſt us, "and much treachery at home, produced the lamen-"table ſcenes of general convulſion that have made "us appear ſo monſtrouſly deformed to the reſt of "Europe. But Time, the only corrector of falſe "conceptions, will hereafter prove that as the French "have not acted with cowardice againſt the united ef-"forts of the Empire, they do not repay the neutrality

"lity of England by ſecret cabals to overturn its go-
"vernment." With regard to the dangerous corre-ſpondencies which are ſaid to have been carried on between the prevailing party in France and that ſet of men in England, who are unjuſtly called diſaffect-ed, becauſe they will not blindly ſubſcribe to con-feſſed abuſes, no other refutation, I truſt, is neceſſary than the unanimity which has been diſcovered by all parties when it was ſuggeſted, however ſpeciouſly, that the conſtitution was endangered. Oppoſite in-tereſts, oppoſite opinions, oppoſite ſentiments, both in public and private life, rallied round the ſtandard of Engliſh honour and fidelity; and every partial conſi-deration inſtantly gave way to public virtue. Too inſignificant to belong to parties, and too much at-tached indeed to the dictates of my own conviction and experience, to be influenced by any particular creed, I am perhaps unfortunate in not being able to ſubſcribe to principles in politics with unqualified be-lief. When truth, like light conveyed and diverſi-fied in the Priſm, is honeſtly examined, it is of little conſequence to the obſerver, whether ſhe appear in *buff* or *orange*. Through whatever medium ſhe may paſs, the ſimplicity of her nature will always pre-vail againſt a partial confinement to tranſient colour or reflection; and however deſirable for the acquiſi-

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tion of this ineſtimable bleſſing in human concerns, a jealous ſcrutiny muſt always prove, it is to be wiſhed in politics that whenever ſhe becomes conſpicuous from the talents of adminiſtration, or is forced into general concurrence by the efforts of oppoſition, intereſt and prejudice will lay aſide their priſm, and every party coaleſce for the ſake of univerſal concord and ſecurity—But I digreſs—In drawing to the concluſion of this unbiaſſed publication, the indulgent reader will be pleaſed to obſerve, that I only mean to ſubmit an individual's opinion of the poſſible detriment which Great Britain may hereafter experience from the fatal overthrow of her ancient rival, into whatever government internal factions or foreign force might caſt them. Nor can I forbear remarking, that had the miniſtry of this country obſerved a leſs punctilious neutrality than appeared on the recall of Lord Gower, the royal captives would moſt probably have felt the good effects of a mild and rational interference. We alone ſtood highly in the eſtimation of all parties, and the eyes of the French nation were perpetually directed towards us in almoſt every event that followed the declaration of war by Pruſſia and the Empire. It is to be lamented, that the *real* ſtate of the French mind was not better known and underſtood than it appears to have

have been when the combined armies firſt approached a kingdom, where one pervading ſpirit of reſiſtance was viſible from the cradle of infancy to the crutches of old age. There was a time when Great Britain might have prevented not only the ſlaughter that has marked the progreſs of revengeful conqueſt, but perhaps have been the means of reſtoring an unfortunate monarch to his throne; of ſmothering private pique and publice averſion, and of eſtabliſhing in France a conſtitution almoſt equal to her own. But that time is gone—the tide was not properly taken, and the devoted veſſel of a long eſtabliſhed monarchy is not only completely wrecked, but almoſt every country round is ſhaken and diſturbed by the craſh of elements that have ſucceeded its deſtruction. With nothing, I truſt, to apprehend from within, it is the intereſt of England to watch impartially whatever changes may occur without.—The tear of pity has already been dropped upon the remains of the ſlaughtered victims to fanatic rage and maddening conſternation; and the hour, I hope, will come when the inſtigators to deeds that mock every inſtance of barbarity in this iſland, ſhall be brought before the tribunal of an injured nation, and private outrages be avenged by public retribution. But, as a nation, it behoves us ſeriouſly to look

into

into futurity, to draw a curtain acroſs partial commiſeration, and to examine into the effect which the ſucceſs of the confederacy againſt France might eventually have upon the proſperity of Great Britain. It is not a time to be cavilling about equivocal expreſſions or ſpeculative ideas—Plain facts are now before us; and circumſtances preſs too cloſely for pride or policy to lull conviction—Nor can it be the intereſt of either party to run the commonalty of the land into dangerous extremes, whether of loyalty or diſaffection; but it is the duty of both to direct the compaſs of political navigation in ſuch a manner as never to get the veſſel of ſtate beyond the latitude of fair enquiry.—If the debates of the National Convention in France *muſt* be ſubjects of diſcuſſion in an Engliſh Houſe of Peers or Commons, let them be limited to an honeſt inveſtigation of thoſe principles only, which ſeem intimately connected with the welfare of Great Britain. A tragical anticipation of other peoples' calamities is as much beneath the dignity of Parliament, (when there is no one exiſting reaſon to believe in the poſſibility of their happening to us) as unneceſſary alarms and a ſtudied miſinterpretation of principles to delude the vulgar would be ungenerous and *illegal* *.

It

* Blackſtone, I recollect, ſomewhere obſerves, in his commentaries, that " ſpreading *falſe news* to make diſcord between

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It requires very little knowledge of foreign politics to diſcover the ultimate object of Pruſſia's interference; and

" the king and nobility, or concerning any great man of the " realm is puniſhed by common law with fine and impriſon- " ment."—

Are there not individuals, who, from the abilities they poſſeſs and the ſhare they have in the legiſlative departments of this country, may be called *great men of the realm*, that have been ſcandalouſly ſpoken of in ſome very late aſſociations? God forbid that ſuſpicions, hourly growing into credited facts of high-treaſon, ſhould be induſtriouſly encouraged againſt them merely to repreſs enquiry. With an exultation, which can only iſſue from a total ignorance of the Engliſh conſtitution, a daily paper obſerved, at the commencement of the preſent ſeſſions, that oppoſition was reduced to fifty, implying no doubt a certainty of its annihilation. Should this happen, where, let me aſk, will be our boaſted ſalutary check upon adminiſtration? The palladium of our rights againſt encroachments, and the ſafe-guard of our liberties? The ſame able judge aſſerts, *that* " falſe and pretend- " ed prophecies, with intent to diſturb the peace are equally un- " lawful and more penal; as they raiſe enthuſiaſtic jealouſies in " the people, and terrify them with imaginary fears. They are " therefore puniſhed by our law, upon the ſame principle that " ſpreading of public news of any kind, without communicating " it firſt to the magiſtrate was prohibited by the antient Gauls— " Such falſe and pretended prophecies were puniſhed capitally by " ſtatute 1. Edw. VI. c. 12. which was repealed in the reign of " queen Mary—But the penalty is ſtill exemplary."

There never probably exiſted a wider field for proſecution and law than at preſent. There is a phantom of alarm which ſeems to

and much leſs not to know the motives which have ſo ſuddenly united the courts of Vienna, Peterſburgh, and

to ſit like a ſcreech-owl over every pariſh; and individuals are ſo unguarded as to give looſe to multiplied ſtories of agrarian injuſtice and republican bloodſhed, which the ſteady obſerver in vain attempts to find out. Imagination ſoon embodies what the frailty of human nature ſuggeſts, and viſionary forms of treaſon are annexed to living characters with all the falſhood of indulged conjecture. Report, with its hundred tonguess, circulates the defamatory fiction; and a man, internally juſt and loyal, is whiſpered into the moſt criminal ſuſpicions without a proſpect of redreſs. Whilſt every court of juſtice is open to the loweſt mechanic for the ſlighteſt encroachment upon his good name, its avenues ſeem cloſed upon *him* only whoſe mental exertions are ungenerouſly blackened and debaſed becauſe they do not exactly coincide with a reigning party. If I find that a tradeſman has palpably cheated me, and in a fit of anger ſhould call him a rogue or raſcal, a proſecution is commenced, damages are awarded, and I am puniſhed for having ſpoken the truth; but ſhould I commit ſentiments to paper which, (from the natural ambiguity of words, may be conſtrued into a promulgation of treaſonable principles) any man or ſett of men may call me a libeller, a diſaffected ſubject, a traitor and a rebel. The law, it will be anſwered, is open to me. But if the accuſed be propped on every ſide by aſſociated wealth and joint opinion, how will the individual powers of a proſecutor oppoſe the torrent? I have extended this note beyond the limits I propoſed, from a full perſuaſion that too much cannot be ſaid in favour of a free uninfluenced diſcrimination of opinions, ſo long as they are confined to an honeſt ſearch after truth and juſtice. And I much queſtion whether, as a French writer obſerves, every good government would not ac-

and Berlin. Nor can it be denied by the warmeſt advocate for *deſpotic* kings and princes, that, independent of their thirſt for territorial acquiſition, a ſettled ſyſtem to deprive the * *ſwiniſh* multitude of every information relative to the rights of ſubjects, is become the common intereſt of them all.

quire ſtrength and ſtability from the moſt unbounded freedom of enquiry. " Le grand remede à la licence de la preſſe eſt dans la li-" berté de la Preſſe. La liberté politique n'a point de plus ferme " rempart ni de meuillieur arſenal que la preſſe. Il y a cette diffé-" rence a l'avantage de cette eſpece d'artillerie que les mortiers " du Duc de Brunſwick vomiſſent la mort, auſſi bien que les ca-" nons de Dumourier : il n'en eſt pas de même dans la guerre de " l'ecritoire ; il n'y a que l'artillerie de la bonne cauſe qui renverſe " tout ce qui ſe préſente devant elle. Ne nous laſſons point de le " répétera l'honneur de l'imprimerie, ce ne ſont point les meil-" leurs généraux, mais la meilleure cauſe qui triomphe dans les " batailles que livrent entre eux les conſpirateurs. Si les Turcs, ces " grands ennemis de la liberté de la Preſſe, avoient vidé leur que-" relle avecles deux empires, la plume a la main, et par la voie " des gazettes, quelques mediocres que fuſſent les ecrivains a qui " leur defenſe eut été confiée, ils n'auroient point perdu Belgrade " et Oczakoff. Je conclus que ce n'eſt pas la peine de prohiber " les livres *ſeditieux* qui ne peuvent faire aucun mal. Il n'y a de " dangereux que ceux qui prêchent une *inſurrection légitime et rai-" ſonnable :* mais ceux—la pourquoi les prohiber et m'empecher de " les publier ? Eſt ce que je puis avoir tort quand j'ai raiſon ?"—

* There is an expreſſion ſomewhere—I believe in Scripture—which ſays—*I will condemn thee out of thine own mouth.* This kind phraſe of a certain member of *Tergiverſation memory* can never be ſufficiently repeated.

Rapidly

Rapidly emerging from the deepeſt ignorance and brutality, the Ruſſians eagerly purſue whatever can exalt, and lift them into public conſideration. The arts and ſciences are foſtered by the great, agriculture and mechanics occupy the lower order, and military fame *, by ſea and land, as it anſwers the ambition of the ſovereign, is fanned by her chiefs and miniſters. The more genial temperature of the South and Weſt, their refinements and luxuries, being already known to a people, hitherto ſatisfied with a few months of partial ſunſhine in the midſt of eternal ſnows, are ſufficiently attractive to make the wretchedneſs of war appear leſs miſerable, when guided by the hopes of conqueſt. The † Auſtrian, trained from

* The navy of Great Britain has, for ſeveral years, been a ſort of *ſea-drill* (if the expreſſion may be uſed) for young Ruſſians of diſtinction. Pupils have ſometimes become the maſters of their tutors.

Et timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!

† Although with deſpotic kings and miniſters the oppreſſion of one province has always been excuſed by the greater hardſhips of another, (that is to ſay, excuſed among themſelves) the reader is by no means expected to feel in the cruelties of the Auſtrian troops at Ghendt, an apology for any that may be *really* diſcovered in France. But he ſhould remember, that if the public expoſure

from his cradle to rigorous diſcipline and hard ſubjection, equally ignorant mith the Ruſſian, and leſs inclined

expoſure of a few dead heads and bodies, the conſequence of treachery, is to be the eternal ſource of falſhood and exaggeration to ſtigmatize the French, it might not be unjuſt to notice the conduct of their preſent opponents during the inſurrection in Flanders. The ſtrict examination of Mrs. Naſh when ſhe paſſed the frontiers, and was known to be the *bonne amie* of an imperial officer that had been wounded at Ghendt, is the firſt inſtance of barbarity (to uſe the cant expreſſion of the miniſterial news-papers) which has been ſounded in the ears of credulous John Bull: who does not recollect that a pound of hair-powder, under a ſyſtem of exciſe, may authorize the moſt inſulting ſcrutiny within his own bedchamber in the profoundeſt hour of peace. Was it not reaſonably to be imagined that, as all the maſculine functions are practiſed by the women of the preſent century, the office of a ſpy might have pleaſed the lady in queſtion? But, irony apart, what muſt the candid think, when they learn from undiſputed facts, that the Auſtrian troops were not ſatisfied with mere deſtruction, but that ſeveral privates ſucceeded each other in the fouleſt acts of unremitted luſt? When they hear that after the wives of murdered patriots had been forced to gratify their inordinate wiſhes, ſome were ripped from the womb upwards to the neck, in the ſight of their huſbands; and others, in the ſame horrid ſtate of violated chaſtity, were reſerved to witneſs the butchery of their frends and children? (the latter of whom had their legs burned off againſt hot-ſtoves.) Will not theſe acts be found as cruel, as the decapitation of a princeſs accuſed of treachery, but not inſulted till ſhe was incapable of pain? Or the immediate extirmination of men, who were betraying their country into the hands of Auſtrians, becauſe the *Lilies* were to be reſcued from

inclined to benefit by information, advances with alert obedience into every ſcene of blood and deva-ſtation.

The

from pollution? There are innumerable other proofs of the moſt unprecedented cruelty which would add to the liſt of the crimes of tyranny, the horrid and black ſubſervience of diſgraceful ſlavery; theſe muſt be paſſed over, as they would ſwell the comments on this haſty, but unbiaſſed publication, beyond the intended limits. One inſtance, however, (ſince *ſome* of the emigrant eccleſiaſtics are buſy in diſſeminating fabricated cruelties throughout England) may not be ſuperfluous. When the Imperial party obtained the ſuperiority in Brabant, a young man of ſome reſpectability, through the artful accuſation of a fryar, on the ſcore of his having ſpoken ill of the Virgin Mary, had his head literally ſevered from his body with a ſaw. This was executed in the preſence of his accuſer, not with the firſt impulſe of ungovernable rage, but with the calm compoſure of gratified barbarity. Leſt it ſhould be contradicted, or diſbelieved, the writer further declares that he has, within the laſt ſix weeks, been upon the ſpot, and is in poſſeſſion of the unfortunate individual's name and connections.

Little indeed is neceſſary to prove that there has not been even a fabricated cruelty attributed to the French people, of which there may not eaſily be found ſeverer precedents among their humane opponents. The known tortures that have been practiſed in Liſbon and Madrid, the Ruſſian Knout, and the dungeons of Spandau in Pruſſia, to which ſhould be added the wide and various ſyſtem of Imperial puniſhment, are originals in pain and bloodſhed, which, as it would be difficult to exceed, the moſt barbarous might imitate.

The Pruſſian—to whom, as our immortal Shakeſpeare expreſſes it, tyranny needs only to cry—"Havoc! and let ſlip the dogs of war!" habitually ſubſervient to arms, neither enlightened by wiſdom, nor anxious to know the common ties of civilized ſociety; whoſe exiſtenee as a military people hangs upon the ſeverity of military laws *, and whoſe regiments

When inſtances of barbarity are expoſed, the intention is to deter—Let Engliſhmen rejoice that it is not in the diſpoſition of this iſland to be cruel—But as they are men, like others, good government alone can keep them juſt and merciful.

* As I have undertaken this defence of national character from principles of general philanthropy, it may be ſome conſolation to an Engliſh ſoldier to feel his own liberty in knowing the ſlavery of others. When I was in Pruſſia—(at Berlin) during the winter months of 1782, a Swiſs belonging to the garriſon earneſtly entreated me to direct a letter to his father, and to have it put into the poſt-office with my own. I naturally complied with his requeſt—On my mentioning the circumſtance a few days after in the preſence of General G——— (a Pruſſian officer) I was informed that I had acted diametrically oppoſite to one of the ſtricteſt regulations in the ſervice. "No ſoldier," added he, "is "ſuffered to write to his friends without ſubmitting his letter to "the inſpection of his commanding officer."—I inſtantly recollected the tall carpenter of Liege and his coffin, and felt the neceſſity, or rather the policy, of ſuch a prohibition; if this be *juſt* government, ah! what is man!

A very

ments are compoſed of men, among whom there are ſtrangers that muſt forget to feel as they ſcarcely dare to think; familiarized to hardſhips, and grown attached to tyranny, the Pruſſian eagerly purſues the object of his leaders; and as all his hours of peace are occupied by ſcenes of war—ſlaughter and depopulation, endeared by plunder, readily mould him to every purpoſe of oppreſſion. That men of this deſcription ſhould not heſitate to move againſt the ſtruggles of enlightened Freedom, or implicitly believe that deſpots have a right to cruſh whatever is againſt their wiſhes, may eaſily be conjectured; but that Engliſhmen, naturally brave and always generous, that a people to whom liberty firſt gave importance, and in the eſtabliſhment of which the blood of millions has been expended; that the deſcendants of men who could wiſely ſtep over the barrier of abſurd

A very few years back a recruiting party belonging to the Pruſſians, (whoſe principle of enliſting includes *force and ingenuity*) was at Liege—Not having been able to engage a remarkable tall carpenter to quit his family and mallet for the knapſack and muſquet, the officer reſolved to trick him into the ſervice—He conſequently gave orders for a coffin to be made according to *his* dimenſions—On the delivery of the coffin out of the ſuburbs of the town, it was declared too ſhort—To prove the contrary, the poor fellow got into it—The lid was inſtantly nailed down by the party, lifted into a German-waggon; and driven off towards Nimeguen, where there was a Pruſſian garriſon.—*This is a fact.*

humanity, and murder their uſurpers on the pillow of imagined ſafety; that *they* ſhould be taught to reprobate the exertions of an oppreſſed and long inſulted people, becauſe treaſon is puniſhed, and tyranny kept off, appears ſo ſingularly ſtrange and contradictory, that reaſon, for a time, lies buried in ſurpriſe; but when, to reconcile a conduct ſo much at variance with itſelf, reflection ſeparates the ſubtle ſtateſman from the blunt believing Briton, regret and ſorrow take the room of wonder and aſtoniſhment. The thinking man beholds, with ſorrow and regret, treaſures expended in a cauſe, which miniſters dare not openly eſpouſe; he ſees the people ſtudiouſly rocked in viſionary ſchemes of national proſperity, while the court and cabinet ingeniouſly make the produce of their induſtry ſubſervient to confederate oppreſſion *.

Nevertheleſs,

* A man muſt be deſtitute of the moſt current intelligence not to ſuſpect that, under the maſk of national neutrality, the cabinet of Great Britain is taking an active part in the preſent combination. It is a fire which lies concealed under the *cinere doloſo* of miniſterial policy, and which is cautiouſly preſerved to renovate the ſparks of foreign deſpotiſm, ſhould the flame of freedom abſorb their lawleſs irruption, But have not the people a right to aſk under what authority, and by what decree or parliamentary ſanction, the exportation of their manufactures is interrupted, while there is an exiſting

Nevertheleſs, when circumſtances are brought together, experience lamentably proves, that, however diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of Europe by fortunate tranquillity and uninterrupted commerce, the country may appear, it is more than probable that the grandeur of the Weſt will be ſunk in the vanquiſhed freedom of the South.

Europe has already witneſſed, and Poland miſerably felt what the mediation of the North produces. That unfortunate kingdom, the conſtitution of which has been rendered the tool and plaything of its faithleſs neighbours, whoſe inhabitants have been wantonly conſigned to ſlaughter to anſwer the combined purpoſes of the courts that waſte them; whoſe coun-

exiſting treaty of commerce between France and England? Or, indeed, while neutrality entitles the ſubject to univerſal traffic? Is it becauſe the body of Heſſians muſt be ſupplied, or paid, for the ſake of Hanover? Or becauſe, as in the Ruſſian armament, we are perpetually to conſume the produce of taxation and the fruits of induſtry, in ſecuring the name of peace, without deriving one ſolid advantage from tranquillity? Holland, although under the immediate laſh and influence of Pruſſia, does not ſcruple to export her horſes, &c. in the line of commerce, and why ſhould England?

Let thoſe *think* now, who never *thought* before;
Let thoſe who always *thought*, now *think* the more.

try has been ravaged with impunity, and its towns depopulated, to ſatisfy the avarice of falſe protectors; incontrovertibly ſhows the wild ambition of the three confederated powers which have ſo eagerly ſtepped forward to reinſtate the princes. But let it not be ſuppoſed (although fellow-feeling may act its part) that the cauſe of Louis XVI. and the expulſion of the whole Houſe of Bourbon, are the ſole diſintereſted motives by which the enemies of France are actuated; the event, it is to be feared (ſo often the tomb of narrow ſpeculation and confined intrigue) will convince mankind, that as the ſenſibility of kings and princes is very different from the ſentiments of common men, juſtice and philanthropy will ever yield to intereſt and ambition.

It is in the ſophiſtry of courts to endeavour to interpret—for there is no argument which can eſtabliſh one ſolid proof—the moſt flagrant and unprovoked confederacy of a few crowned individuals into a plauſible pretext for war and bloodſhed; it is their buſineſs to miſlead the people on a ground, where if once the avenues of truth and liberty were laid open, the labyrinths of power would ceaſe to puzzle, and rational dominion coaleſce with juſt ſubjection. Trick would no longer be neceſſary to keep the phantom

of

of adminiſtrative grandeur out of the reach of honeſt inveſtigation—Kings, however elevated, and miniſters however lifted, by their proximity, beyond the multitude whoſe lives and property depend upon their truth and honour, would not ſhrink from public ſcrutiny, if private intereſt had nothing to conceal, ambition to acquire, and luxury to indulge. Government (which, when honeſtly conducted, is a ponderous machine that cannot eaſily be moved by the beſt and wiſeſt of mankind) has for the laſt century, eſpecially in France, been ever rendered ſubordinate to the vileſt purpoſes *. Pimps and concubines ſubdued

* The intelligent and candid reader, will find in the two ſubſequent extracts ample proof to juſtify this obſervation; and as the lady, concerning whom the memoirs have been faithfully minute, is at this inſtant in the capital of a kingdom, which has been impoveriſhed, and brought to the preſent lamentable criſis, through the vices and profuſion of women of her kind, it may not be irrevalent to aſk whether the patience of the people has not been ſufficiently tried? Yet, although ſuſpected of treachery to the country, ſhe has hitherto been ſpared.

"It is impoſſible to conceive the ſtate of ſlavery to which Louis XV. was reduced by Madame du Barry. He has been known, whilſt at ſupper with her, to order every diſh to be put back, becauſe the favourite one of this ſultana was not ready. Such indeed was his ſubſervience that, growing impatient at the leaſt delay, he has haſtily walked up and down the outward apartment, and ſnatched the diſh from the ſervant, to have the happi-

dued the monarch; and miniſters, eaſily changed into paraſites, added to the indulgence of their own propenſities,

happineſs of preſenting it himſelf. Richelieu, who was frequently an eye-witneſs to theſe ſcenes of pitiful gallantry, felt nothing too mean or diſgraceful, provided he could manifeſt the moſt ſlaviſh acquieſcence in his maſter's wiſhes, by ſcrupulouſly ſubſcribing to every inclination of his favourite miſtreſs. This haughty being, who ſo often exhibited the pride and arrogance of Peer and Marſhall of France, of Noble Genoeſe, of Governor of Guyenne, and of Firſt Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, thought himſelf honoured to carry the lap-dog of a girl whom he had once declared unworthy to be admitted into the king's preſence.

"As an equivalent for ſo much complaiſance, certain favours were granted to the conqueror of Mahon, and his influence in the miniſtry was increaſed by means of the great intimacy he obtained. He became the confidential friend of Maupean, and of the Abbé Terrai, and was initiated into thoſe ſhameful myſteries of vice ſo peculiarly prevalent at that hour. The Abbé, who plundered, with impunity, the inhabitants of the country, increaſed their burthens, and by continual breaches of faith deſtroyed the credit and ſtained the character of the nation at large, in the eyes of Europe, had been heard to ſay in a ſecret committee: 'The people, 'faith! are much aggrieved! The intereſt they get for their mo-'ney has long ſince ſwallowed up the capital. If we conſider all 'things, the King ſcarcely owes a farthing. Conſequently, the 'beſt mode of proceeding is to bring on a general bankruptcy, 'which we muſt have dexterity enough to effect by degrees; by 'which means, in a very few years, the king will have cancelled 'every debt.'—This able financier conceived that bankruptcy was abſolutely neceſſary every century, to put the ſtate at par;

penſities, the moſt unbounded accommodation to thoſe of ennobled proſtitution. How muſt the embittered mind of every individual throughout France be ſtung, when to the recollection and the ſad experience of entailed misfortunes, it has the ſame ſyſtem of oppreſſion gathering in the rear of an inſatiate confederacy, and even in the exile of their leaders, is apprized of plans already formed to add to the rod of tyranny all the tortures of revenge? What muſt the emancipated citizen and peaſant feel when in the ſucceſs of the emigrants, they behold every former hardſhip doubled, and the known threats (though hitherto impotent and vain) of their antient oppreſſors, exerciſed with all the barbarity of nurſed reſentment? The probable conditions on which the exiled are to be reſtored *, and forced into the

that a king ran no riſk in borrowing, as he had the power to ſtop the payment of old rents, &c. whenever he thought they had been anſwered, according to his own calculation of time. It may eaſily be conceived what muſt have been the end of this man's adminiſtration under a ſovereign who would have acceded to his plans. Vol. p. 210.

* It has already been remarked, that had the emigrant princes yielded to, or even temporized with the determined ſentiments of the people, the calamities of a civil war would have been prevented. The following extract from the annals of the Revolution, by Camille Deſmoulins, may ſubſtantiate the obſervation:

LETTER

the eternally eſtranged boſom of a country they had ruined by exceſs and folly, ſo undeniably prove the ſubſequent

LETTER *to the Count* D'ARTOIS—*Written during the Firſt National Aſſembly.*

" Is your Royal Highneſs thoroughly acquainted with the preſent Revolution of France, and at what price it has been gained? Do you know the loſſes individuals will ſuſtain by it? The whole expenditure will not amount to the ſum made uſe of for the celebration of your reſpected brother's marriage in the Place Louis XV. Some ſacrifices muſt undoubtedly be made on *your* part in point of wealth; but you will even then be a gainer by them, as your houſehold will be cleared of the many indolent wretches that hourly rob you.

* * * * * * * * *

" Do not imagine that the old ſyſtem of government will ever return—The preſent Revolution is accompliſhed and muſt remain. I conjure you then, as this grand national object has been obtained without your aid, to return into the boſom of your country, and to offer her, if not an internal acquieſcence, at leaſt ſome outward homage: ſhe does not entreat, but ſhe expects and hopes for your return. France is naturally attached to her princes; ſhe even loves them ſufficiently to believe that their faults and errors are not their own. If you wiſh to experience the moſt endearing ſatisfaction, mount your horſe, and almoſt without attendants, prevent ſuſpicion and haſten to the National Aſſembly. Should you paſs by C——, I will have a Pariſian uniform, which will ſuit you full as well as the regimentals of the Swiſs *—You would ſoon be among the legiſlators of the country; and when arrived at

* The Count D'Artois was Colonel of the Swiſs-Guards.

the

ſubſequent increaſe of a dangerous and ambitious triumvirate, that every well-wiſher to England muſt be alarmed,

the tribune, you might pronounce, generouſly graſping your ſword, in the honeſt and commanding accents of Henry the Fourth: *I now ſwear to defend the Laws, the King and Conſtitution.* The applauſes would be re-echoed to the Tuilleries, and an admiring croud of fellow-citizens, would lead you in triumph to Louis XVI. whoſe kind reception would be marked with tears of tenderneſs."

Letters to the ſame purport were variouſly diſperſed about the country during the Firſt National Aſſembly, which, whether real or fictitious, ſufficiently prove that the princes and emigrants owe their exile and ſubſequent misfortunes entirely to their own reſentment. The decree, affording them a certain term to return in, was perfectly conſonant to the wiſhes of the people. Inſtead of yielding to little leſs than ſollicitations, they ſtirred up every court in Europe, and at leaſt ſucceeded in bringing about the moſt formidable confederacy that was ever aimed at an individual nation. The moſt inſulting letters were ſent from particular perſons to the ſeveral departments, which, naturally falling into the hands of the different municipalities, were publiſhed to the inhabitants. Hence aroſe that inveterate animoſity that could only be increaſed by the moſt impolitic manifeſtoes. It became the deſperate alternative of *kill or be killed.* But the fault does not, nor ever did, reſt with the people at large—Conſequently, it is not at them that the reſt of Europe, but moſt eſpecially England, ſhould direct either inſult or reproach; on the contrary, when refinement, education, and profeſſed magnanimity of mind, are diſcovered to have fallen lower in acts of pitiful revenge than extreme ignorance, a perverſion of the nobleſt qualities of mind

alarmed, and every friend to Liberty muſt be wounded at the proſpect. The balance of power—ſo long the cant-term, indeed the ſource of almoſt every exertion during the preſent adminiſtration—may be thought ſecure; but when * three aſpiring potentates will be enabled to indulge the dictate of dominion, in the cruſhed reſiſtance of the people they now oppoſe, and in the preſcribed conceſſions of the princes they protect, will not the ſcale of Great Britain kick to

and heart naturally excites abhorrence and diſguſt. The ſucceeding generation will moſt probably ſee the melancholy effects of obſtinate oppreſſion in a very different light than they now appear. The falſe optics through which they muſt at this time be examined, will have paſſed away, and truth only be conſulted.

* A very ſenſible French lady, ſpeaking of the empreſs of Ruſſia,, obſerved that, notwithſtanding Mr. Pitt's menace, reſpecting Oczacoff, ſhe had preſerved *her* conſequence and dignity, although the Britiſh cabinet, the duke of Leeds excepted, prudently declined putting their threats into execution, and left an armament of ſome expenditure to be paid by the all-forgiving temper of credulous John Bull.

Her anſwer to a peremptory requiſition, being current upon the continent, and characteriſtic of her imperious diſpoſition, may not be unacceptable, On the Engliſh envoy declaring that her refuſal would be inſtantly followed by a fleet off Peterſburgh, ſhe calmly replied, *His majeſty of Great Britain will, in that caſe, I hope, permit me to retire to Conſtantinople!*

the

the beam, and all her boaſted weight at laſt be nothing more than the temporary fabrick of pitiful finance? Individuals, to whom ſcenes of blood are naturally ſcenes of horror and diſguſt, ſeldom go deeper into national convulſions than what report diſplays before them. But a miniſter, with whom the hardſhips, and the poſſible deſtruction of many thouſands of the braveſt of his countrymen by ſea and land, can never weigh, whenever the fame and intereſt of the ſtate require exertion; *he*, who muſt calmly break into the little property of the loweſt, and, if juſt, proportionably take from that of the moſt exalted ſubject; to whom the neceſſities of the many cry louder than the partial miſeries of the few; and whom neither the ties of conſanguinity, friendſhip, nor private conſideration can influence! *He*, in ſhort, who, feeling for the whole, is politically callous to individuals, ſhould look at the ſufferings of humanity, (ſince war and bloodſhed muſt be the lot of men—) through no other light than that of national intereſt and advantage; or, ſince K—gs and m—n—s, (a conduct hitherto unexampled)—will, like other men, give way to ſentiment, let their ſympathy at leaſt be juſt. If the emigrants from a country which had confeſſedly been oppreſſed for centuries, and finally reduced to the laſt ebb of wretchedneſs

and want through their incorrigible vices, deſerve compaſſion, do not the wronged inhabitants of Poland? The reaſon is manifeſt—at leaſt to every man who is acquainted with the limited ſyſtem of Engliſh politics. Ever doomed to be outwitted by foreign ingenuity and trick, the cabinet of Great Britain is become a proverb throughout Europe for the facility with which it yields to the political intrigues of other courts; and miniſters have been equally remarked for the fortunate manner by which they have eſcaped the complicated blunders of their own. Luck, however, is neither permanent nor hereditary. What has immortalized a Rodney for having invariably puſhed forward whenever the tide of fortune appeared to flow in his favour, would, politically ſpeaking, do little credit to a miniſter, unleſs, in a wide field of ſtate-manœuvre, circumſtances juſtified hazard and ſurpriſe *.

It

* As this paſſage may be miſinterpreted, perhaps miſunderſtood, the reader will not judge it officiouſly minute to obſerve that, although a miniſter may avail himſelf, like an able commander, of favourable opportunities, his line of conduct ſhould not be entirely influenced by the fortunate iſſue of any one event. The ſudden appearance of the manifeſto againſt the Dutch, during the laſt war, was well-judged; but it was not of conſequence enough to remain a permanent principle in politics: nor is the boaſted ſucceſs

It would be preſumptuous in me, after what has been ſaid in the Commons, to dwell upon the good or bad effects which a war with France might produce; but it may not not be ſuperfluous to enquire into the expenditure of public money, which muſt neceſſarily follow our preſent preparations—We are ſtill to ſearch for the benefits and retributions that were to have ſucceeded our late armaments; and the army is ſtill to learn the motives for ſo ſudden an increaſe of patronage in the independent companies. Both are objects of ſerious enquiry—If—as I ſincerely hope from the ſagacity of the miniſter—a phalanx is to be formed round the operations of government, that partial diſcontents may not interrupt a wiſe and temperate ſurvey of abuſes, too much cannot be offered in praiſe of the meaſure. A permanent ſource of wealth will not only be obtained by the abolition of unneceſſary penſions, &c. &c. &c.—but a ſolid baſis of confidence be eſtabliſhed where at preſent there is little more than paſſive concurrence; a concurrence which only exiſts while circumſtances coincide, and which muſt rapidly recede the inſtant

ceſs of our preſent adminiſtration, in point of finance, ſufficiently ſolid to juſtify any ſort of inaction, becauſe the evils that may hereafter ſpread, ſhould the north of Europe preponderate, cannot inſtantly grow up.

they

they become nugatory or detrimental. That Mr. Pitt has deſervedly obtained the fulleſt truſt and acquieſcence in almoſt every national plan and ſpeculation, no man will deny; but the moſt determined partizan will, at the ſame time, allow that, tranſcendant as his abilities are, it is poſſible for one falſe meaſure to render the produce of ten years fortunate adminiſtration totally abortive. He is at this moment ſtanding upon that awful point of aſcenſion, from which the retroſpect on one ſide preſents accumulated revenue; but from which there is likewiſe a dreary proſpect of every calamity that external war and civil diſcord can occaſion on the other. The future happineſs or miſery of Great Britain hangs on the final determination of the few; it reſts with them to decide whether the many are to be gradually relieved from the burthens of their late unfortunate contention with the colonies, or to be precipitately plunged into a deeper abyſs of national embarraſſments. In private, as well as in public undertakings, it is always aſked what will be the eventual conſequence of their good or bad ſucceſs? Should England be added to the northern combination of Europe againſt France, it becomes a queſtion, by no means ridiculous or unimportant, to diſcover what advantages this iſland could derive from the moſt unbounded triumph?

Would

Would ſhe be richer by the acquiſition of any one iſland in the Indies *, or more reſpectable by her ſhare of glory with an armed confederacy? Would Ruſſia be leſs ambitious in her manifeſt wiſh to ſpread her navy beyond the limits of England's ſecurity? Would Pruſſia forbear to make Holland ſubſervient to his views, or the Empire become more grateful, becauſe France was overcome by a ſecond interpoſition of her rival? It would be difficult, I believe, to adduce one inſtance in which we have derived a ſolid advantage from our continental interference.

With regard to our internal ſituation, miniſtry, which ſeems to have been ſtrangely miſinformed relative to the *real* intentions of the French Revoluioniſts—cannot be ignorant of the diſpoſition of the Engliſh. The unanimous ſupport which government has experienced at the bare appearance of ſerious diſaffection, is ſufficient to prove the falſity of

* On the capture of one of the French iſlands laſt war, the inhabitants of Jamaica petitioned government to have it immediately reſtored—Well knowing, that by dividing the trade, they muſt eventually be injured—Their foreſight was prudently attended to, and the moſt valuable of our ſettlements, by this means, preſerved from encroachments.

much alarm. Parties have coaleſced, and the moſt unbounded contributions of purſe and ſentiment have marked the unequivocal attachment that is felt towards King, Lords, and Commons. The Houſe of Hanover, I believe, never enjoyed more perfect ſecurity than it does at this moment; and there never was a miniſter in whoſe hands the future intereſts of this iſland ſo largely reſted. Fortunate, beyond all precedent, from the confuſed events of Europe, Mr. Pitt has, for no inconſiderable period, poſſeſſed the wideſt latitude of ſpeculative finance. How far he may have fulfilled the promiſe of expectation, and the contract of reſources, is yet to be diſcovered. There is a ſevere, and frequently, a fatal ordeal, through which few miniſters can paſs; a winding up of accounts that too often reveals what temporary means have induſtriouſly hidden. I do not, on this occaſion, wiſh to inſinuate that the chancellor of our exchequer has either wronged the people by a wilful miſapplication of taxes, or deceived them wholly by trick or ſophiſtry. When he firſt took the reins, he found the machine of government clogged in every part; yet by adhering, with a perſeverance, ſeldom equalled, to ſyſtems of gradual economy, he finally ſecured that continuance of public credit, which was upon the eve of diſſolution through the moſt diſadvantageous war that England ever felt.

If

If the remembrance of that calamitous period—a remembrance which alone might be ſufficient to deter us—does not ſuſpend a declaration of more unnatural hoſtilities; let an uniform ſeries of events be reſorted to, and when impartially viewed, their affinity to the preſent ſituation of Great Britain be conſidered. I fear that the exportation of men and money, for the purpoſes of continental co-operation, will end in a full illuſtration of the Roman verſe—

Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra Boves!

Averſe, as the miniſter unqueſtionably muſt be, to a ſudden interruption of that peaceful career through which he has raiſed himſelf and his friends to the higheſt pitch of national reliance, a contrary deciſion of the Executive Council might, in a ſhort time, turn the tide of general concurrence into univerſal murmurs and diſcontent. Without being moſt diſtantly acquainted with the preſent *real* ſentiments of Mr. Pitt, I may not be entirely miſtaken in believing that *he* is very far from wiſhing to commence hoſtilities. Armed at all points, he looks upon a ſtate of preparation not only as the ſureſt means of defence at home, but the moſt ready way to render the mediation of the court of Great Britain reſpectable abroad. What a mediation of the ſort in queſtion will produce,

can perhaps be gathered from the anſwers already given. If the conditions of our cabinet agree with general report, there is little hope of ſucceſs *. To a people, conſcious of immenſe reſources, over-run with inhabitants capable of bearing arms, inſpired and heated by the moſt enthuſiaſtic notions of Liberty, and fluſhed by unprecedented victories, the language of demand muſt appear little leſs than inſolent aſſumption. The rankeſt coward that ever ſhook at the approach of death, and trembled at the horrors of hereafter, will be rouſed into valour by contempt, and

* As I am by no means in the ſecrets of the court or oppoſition party—*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri*—I can only form my opinion from general compariſon and obſervation. It is more than probable that a full knowledge of what is *now* ſecretly tranſacting, will have reached the public before this pamphlet can be ſubmitted to it. The conditions on which the neutrality of England is to ſubſiſt, with regard to France, are ſaid to be—1ſt. A full relinquiſhment of all conqueſts. 2dly. An unequivocal aſſurance that Louis XVI. and the royal family ſhall not ſuffer capitally whatever may be the iſſue of his trial. 3dly. That the navigation of the Scheldt ſhall remain within the limits heretofore preſcribed by Holland.

In anſwer to theſe requiſitions, it is not impoſſible but the French may aſk for an indemnification to the ruined inhabitants of Lille from the Empire, an acknowledgment of their Republic from Great Britain, and ſome ſort of palliative for a multiplicity of national inſults.

face

face them all. Experience has lamentably proved, that outraged manhood is not eaſily quelled. There was a time, and I have already aſſerted, when even monarchy might have been ſuited to the temper of the French nation; but that favourable period paſſed away with the exiled arrogance of its princes—It appeared again in the moſt conciliatory form when the conſtitution was voluntarily ſubſcribed to, and ſanctioned with ſolemn oaths by Louis XVI. Again it vaniſhed with his departure to Varennes, and was again revived by forgiveneſs on one part, and apparent truth on the other—At length, whether from weakneſs or deſign, or from neither—for there is a ſort of political ſagacity which admits of neither—On the 10th of Auguſt, every proſpect of returning monarchy ſeemingly diſappeared—Yet even at that epoch, and during the ſubſequent melancholy days of September, there was a diſtant gleam which, properly watched, might have drawn the unfortunate monarch and his family from the obſcurity of a cloſe confinement. Had the cabinet of Great Britain (it is a bold aſſertion to repeat) been thoroughly inſtructed with regard to the * general ſentiments of the

* When Louis XVI. accepted the conſtitution, a decree paſſed, making it death for any perſon to propoſe a Republic—Since his depoſition,

the French, and felt, as they ſhould have done, the real aſcendancy they had over them, popular rage, would have yielded to temperate remonſtrance, and whether the king were guilty or not, ſome certain ſyſtem of government might have been adopted, that did not exclude him. The dignity of the crown of Great Britain would not have been materially injured, had its ambaſſador temporized with the fever of the moment—By *his* abrupt departure, the only quarter to which the unfortunate victim of royal weakneſs or deſign, could look for perſonal ſafety, not to ſay, eventual reſtoration, was cloſed againſt him—Suſpicion inſtantly entered where confidence had been indulged; and however advantageous a ſort of negative neutrality might have proved, the reliance of the people upon the profeſ-

depoſition, a decree has taken place, which makes it death for any one to mention royalty, or even to expreſs a wiſh towards monarchy. It is to be lamented, that having interfered with the internal concerns of France, as we unqueſtionably have in two or more inſtances, no end ſhould have been anſwered—When the vengeance of this country was denounced againſt every individual who ſhould be concerned in the death of any of the royal captives, and which was officially made known (at the particular requeſt of the queen of France, and, if report may be credited through the medium of a French biſhop) the general obſervation of the Pariſians was comprized in—*C'eſt de la moutarde après ſouper?*

ſions

ſions we had made, gradually relaxed. Thus as equivocation in private life generally terminates in open faſhood or contradiction, an enigmatical interpoſition on the part of England ſeems to have ended in public miſtruſt.

When the minds of miniſters will not open to the wide proſpects of hereafter, becauſe the ſelfiſh gratifications of the preſent are limited to ſituation; or becauſe the lethargy of temporary eaſe is more endearing to a few, than the noiſe and tumult of contention to prevent the future calamities of the many, it may reaſonably be conjectured on what ground and by what ſyſtem a cabinet is moved. Will any man, diveſted of party, and not prejudiced by the exaggerated picture of enormities, ſo induſtriouſly ſpread about the country, pretend to deny a certainty of loſs, and a diminution of power on the part of Great Britain, ſhould France be conquered, and conſequently crippled and diſmembered? Pruſſia will not readily return to his uncultivated lands and barren length of territory, without having added to them ſome portion of the fruitful country that Auſtria might cede and France indemnify *; nor will Ruſſia pour

* As in moſt caſes of confederated power there is always one leſs powerful than another, perhaps the payment of the *pot-caſſé*, to

pour from her diſtant wilds, and long immeaſurable tracts of land, her quota for uſurpation, without having ſecured a proviſionary clauſe to poſſeſs dominion beyond the defenceleſs boundaries of Poland; and however the expectations of the court of Vienna may hereafter be defeated by the poſſible allied aſcendancy of Peterſburgh and Berlin, Auſtria will have her ſhare of the ſpoil; while the emigrant princes flattered into hopes of ſovereignty, may be left in a country, divided and portioned out, till intereſt and ambition have gradually encroached upon it, and the whole Southern empire is ſubjected to the North of Europe. When this ſhall have come to paſs, as in all probabi-

to uſe a vulgar French term, may fall to the lot of Auſtria; a circumſtance, by no means incompatible, ſhould the triumvirate fail, with the rival ambition of Vienna and Berlin. The loſſes which Auſtria has ſuſtained ſince the firſt appearance of this pamphlet—the 22d of September, 1792—has moſt effectually confirmed this obſervation. When the remark was made, the combined armies were reported to have reached Chalons. The manifeſto which appeared previous to that period, may juſtly be ſaid to have produced that effervescence in the minds of the Pariſians, which was ſo lamentably made uſe of by an ambitious faction on the 2d and 3d of September. In the moment of ungovernable frenzy there is little required to puſh human frailty into every ſpecies of barbarity; but I truſt the hour is faſt advancing, when mankind will be convinced that the horrors of thoſe lamentable days were effected by a very ſmall portion of the capital.

lity

lity it muſt, ſhould France be totally ſubdued by the preſent confederacy, what proportion in the boaſted balance of power will England hold? Left to her native rocks, and no longer courted from being no longer feared, the fleets of Cronſtadt may command the Eaſt, and the Black Eagle be ſpread acroſs the Weſt.

POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE I diſmiſs a ſubject, on which it is my determination never more to enlarge, the reader will excuſe the addition of a few private ſentiments in *extenuation* of the work itſelf. To the candid and well-informed any thing further muſt appear ſuperfluous; but there cannot be too much preſſed upon reflection, when even the candid are lukewarm to acknowledge conviction, and the prejudiced are in arms to cruſh it.

When I firſt undertook this miſinterpreted defence, of *general* principles, I was little aware of partial miſconſtruction; nor did I, in fact, intend to have publiſhed the reſult of my private obſervations, had not the moſt glaring falſhoods provoked a refutation of them. I felt myſelf intitled to the ſame latitude of opinion on the principles of a people ſtruggling againſt

againſt oppreſſion, (from having perſonally mixed amongſt them, before and after their ſeceſſion from royalty) as many have indulged that probably never ſaw the country. I thought it poſſible for an individual to obtain ſome ſtandard of judgment by an indiſcriminate intercourſe with the inhabitants at a time when events and circumſtances precluded ſophiſtry, and the naked character could be drawn abroad. In the ſpace of a few months, I viſited thoſe parts of the country, (ſometimes beyond the Auſtrian lines, and at others, beyond the French) as could afford me the moſt immediate knowledge of the diſpoſitions of both armies. Without having the honour to approach the dignified leaders of one ſide, or the republican chiefs of the other, I had opportunities enough from a very general acquaintance among the officers, &c. of both, to collect a moderate ſtock of information; ſuch, indeed, as fully convinced me that the Confederacy was not only wrong in their firſt principles of attack but likewiſe miſerably deficient in their intelligence. Their expectations, I well knew, would end in the moſt galling diſappointment—Hopes were nurſed and foſtered by report; and while the intereſt of the emigrants rendered every repreſentation of the ſtate of the public mind, egregiouſly fallacious, the proud credulity of thoſe it

cheated, inſtead of conciliating twenty-ſix millions of inhabitants (of whom ſeven were able to act, and five hundred thouſand at leaſt to meet them in the field of battle) advanced towards the capital with every mark of irritating inſult. There are gentlemen in this country who will do me the juſtice to acknowledge that happening to return to England, for a few days, during the very period in which Lord Elgin's diſpatches were *believed*, I openly pronounced them to be erroneous; and I honeſtly confeſs I was not a little ſurprized to find that the ſecret ſervice money had been either imprudently laviſhed, or improperly withholden. I am well aware of the inſolence with which this aſſertion will be treated; but as I ſincerely reſpect the conſtitution of the country, ſo I ſtrongly feel the privilege it gives every individual to offer his remarks. The man who chuſes to be hoodwinked in the broadeſt ſunſhine, muſt be weak indeed; but the government that attempts to make him ſo, muſt, in being equally deprived of energy and truth, be doubly guilty and corrupted—Thanks to our forefathers, we are not yet arrived at that deplorable ſyſtem of coercion when freedom of opinion on political ſubjects can, with impunity, be cruſhed from motives of oppreſſion.

There is an obſervation, the correctneſs of which will not eaſily be diſputed, that whenever an eſtabliſhment, either public or private, cannot bear the teſt of examination, ſomething muſt be wrong; if all be right, the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny will never make it otherwiſe. But as nothing is ſo perfectly ſecure, that Time will not treſpaſs by degrees, enquiry alone can bring about correction, and an honeſt adoption of rational amendments finally reſtore the ſyſtem. This is a truth, I believe, which few or none will controvert—But who, it will be aſked, has a right to ſcrutinize Adminiſtration? Every man, I truſt, who pays his mite to its ſupport, and has either penetration to diſcover its defects, or abilities to ſuggeſt amendments.

It is not from the limited connexion of *parties* that public good is always to be derived. The writings which have done the greateſt ſervice to mankind, have almoſt always come from the aggregate of community; from minds diveſted of partial influence, and governed by that ſtubborn obſtinacy of opinion, on public matters that never could be warped by private motives—Others, leſs calculated to preſerve the rigid character of unſophiſticated reaſon, from being more pliant, temporize with events, and either become

come leaders of factions, or, as the Jackall feeds the Lion, ſubmit to be the humble contributors of their thoughts and information to the idol they ſet up.

Subject, as human nature is, to caprice, intereſt, and ambition, and deſtined, as the multitude appear, to be more or leſs uninformed and ignorant, it is neceſſary, for the good of ſociety, that partial evils ſhould be ſubmitted to for the ſake of general good. Parties, therefore—by which I underſtand an aſſemblage of talents to direct that part of civilization which labour and induſtry preclude from mental reſearches—are not only beneficial, when collectively, but highly advantageous when individually conſidered. As every government, but our own, is ſuppoſed to be unconnected with this obſervation, I muſt take the liberty to remind the reader of a paſſage in my *Correction of Abuſes* relative to oppoſition—I have ventured to maintain that a *ſettled* ſyſtem of oppoſition to the government is not an inherent principle of the Conſtitution. It is poſſible, though ſcarcely probable, that a ſet of men might be entruſted with the adminiſtration of a country (like this) whoſe abilities and integrity would go hand in hand. During an interval, ſo truly golden, to reſiſt the operations of the executive or legiſlative power would be an infraction of

every tie that conſtitutes ſociety. As there is little hope, however, that from the frailties of human nature, a Paragon of the ſort will ever riſe, it were to be wiſhed that where an oppoſition is neceſſary to check the growth of undue influence, its avenues could, at all times, be acceſſible without the paſſports of private intereſt and ambition. But as cuſtom and habit are the ſtrong holds of prejudice and ignorance, ſo acquired confidence and authority too frequently become the corrupted props of limited exertions. Public good (the ſpecious watch-word of two extremes) like the ſhuttlecock, is bandied about in almoſt every diſcuſſion, while private lucre is, perhaps, the ſole object of their conteſt. Hence that ruinous intrigue and mean corruption, on one ſide, to aggrandize itſelf, and that determined obſtinate adheſion to partial principles on the other, to leſſen its opponent.

A queſtion naturally ariſes out of thoſe two poſitions relative to the good or bad effects which the perverſion of original principles muſt produce on the body compact. Experience has ever proved (but at no time ſo forcibly as during the preſent Revolution in France) that when the governing part of a country has reached to a certain point, the ſtep beyond is almoſt invariably the annihilation of its authority. In a

conſti-

conſtitution, like our's, there is another point where parties form which, while actuated by honeſt motives, can preſerve the links of regulated community from being ſcattered by corruption. The reader will readily perceive that I here wiſh to direct his attention to the preſent ſtate of politics in Great Britain. It would be ſuperfluous to enter into any ſort of detail of the alarms created by adminiſtration, of the aſſociations they have produced in their ſupport, and of the increaſing oppoſition to the ſame by ſome of the moſt able men in the kingdom. To *their* diſcuſſions I muſt refer him; in ſo doing, however, I cannot refrain from wiſhing that a more conciliatory mode of redreſſing grievances on one part, and a leſs peremptory, not to ſay arrogant tenor of coercive conduct, had exiſted on the other: the lamentable effects of violent and compulſory meaſures, which have marked the capital of a neighbouring country and its provinces, with blood and deſolation, are ſolemn warnings to them both. The faint ſketch which the foregoing ſheets exhibit of recent maſſacre and old oppreſſion, like the picture in Macbeth, ſhould be perpetually before us—Factions have a leſſon in the horrors of the *ſecond* and *third* of September, that pride, intereſt and ambition ſhould learn and warily conſider; and government has one equally

alarming

alarming in the preſent agitation of no inconſiderable portion of the Britiſh empire. It is abſurd and impolitic to remain ſecure in the ſlippery confidence of comparative opinion. Engliſhmen, with all their candour and humanity, are not exempted from the frailties of nature. There was a time when every Frenchman ſhuddered at the recital of Charles's trial and execution, and ſaw in every Engliſhman little leſs than the indelible ſtains of regicide; nor would a revolution in thoſe ſentiments have taken place, had not the moſt barbarous ſyſtem of continued tyranny gradually ſapped the reſpect they had ever ſhewn to their ſovereigns. When the heart is once effectually eſtranged from any object of attachment, it readily flies from the extreme of love to that of hatred; and ſuch, I fear, is the inexplicable temper of mankind in general, ſo nearly connected with the ferocity of the brute when releaſed from rational reſtrictions, that little is neceſſary to puſh it from ge-efferveſcence into partial barbarity. Under this malignant influence all nations are more or leſs alike; and mobs become the blind inſtruments of private or public ambition, to effect the deſtruction of oppoſite intereſts, with the ſame ſavage diſpoſitions to blood and plunder. Little is required to excite, where an inclination to ruſh forward is already predominant.

minant. To anticipate therefore the lawleſs propenſities of the rude and ignorant, is the moſt eſſential duty of every ſtateſman * ; *how* to prevent them his greateſt ſkill—Not by coercive and arbitrary

* Woe to that miniſter whoſe conduct will ever put it in the power of Engliſhmen to apply the following paſſage to himſelf or friends:

'With what force, my Lord, with what protection are you 'prepared to meet the united deteſtation of the people of Eng-'land? * * * * * * * * I fancy, my Lord, it is not yet in your 'courage to ſtand between your ſovereign and the addreſſes of his 'ſubjects. The injuries you have done this country are ſuch as 'demand not only redreſs, but vengeance. In vain ſhall you look 'for protection to that venal vote, which you have already paid 'for—Another muſt be purchaſed; and to ſave a miniſter, the 'Houſe of Commons muſt declare themſelves not only indepen-'dent of their conſtituents, but the determined enemies of the 'Conſtitution. Conſider, my Lord, whether this be an extre-'mity to which their fears will permit them to advance; or if '*their* protection ſhould fail you, how far you are authorized to 'rely upon the ſincerity of thoſe ſmiles which a pious court la-'viſhes, without reluctance, upon a libertine by profeſſion. 'Truſt not too far to appearances, by which your predeceſſors, 'have been deceived, though they have not been injured. Even 'the beſt of princes may at laſt diſcover that this is a contention 'in which every thing may be loſt, but nothing can be gained: and 'as you became miniſter by accident, were adopted without choice, 'truſted without confidence, and continued without favour, be aſ-'ſured that whenever an occaſion preſſes, you will be diſcarded 'without even the forms of regret."

mandates,

mandates, but by moderate and conciliatory means The diſcontented—if *really* ſo from a conſciouſneſs of being wronged—will ceaſe to murmur the inſtant they feel a diminution of the evil; while the diſaffected, if only *ſpeciouſly* patriotic through vanity or diſappointment, will, in the ingenuous tender of redreſs from thoſe who *can* relieve, loſe the only reſort ambition has to fly to.

In drawing to the concluſion of this Poſtſcript, I feel it neceſſary to add, that as it is the fate of the pamphlet to have to grapple with incredulity, prejudice, and ſtudied miſconſtruction, and the conſequent lot of the Author to be ſuppoſed the credulous medium of a French cabal, I beg leave to aſſert that the whole of the *Extenuation* was originally written without the knowledge or concurrence of any one individual concerned in the Revolution. It was written at a time when the moſt ſanguine well-wiſhers to the cauſe and the moſt public of its advocates, ſuddenly retracted, becauſe the Duke of Brunſwick was advancing, and cruelly reſigned twenty-ſix millions of people to all the abuſe that inſolent conqueſt, ending in defeat, could propagate through Europe; it was written at a time when the melancholy ſound of general conſternation was hourly expected

through every town and village of the country; when Deſpotiſm ſtood, in hope and expectation, upon the mangled carcaſes of many thouſands, and Liberty, cruſhed by force and treachery, appeared to ſink without one proſpect of reviving manhood *.

The voluntary part which I thus have taken in defence of the Revolution—inſignificant as it has been from a limited ſphere of action and inadequate abilities—may perhaps be readily conſtrued into motives of diſaffection or views of intereſt—When either impulſe can be proved, I will cheerfully ſubmit to be deſpiſed and hated by the juſt and candid—But as I

* During a ſolitary excurſion of ſome hundred miles, I made it my buſineſs to examine minutely into every change of diſpoſition among the inhabitants of the ſeveral places through which I paſſed, particularly in France—I diſcovered an uniform deteſtation of the old government, and a growing ſpirit to ſupport the Revolution. In the habit of committing to paper whatever occurred worthy of obſervation, the ſeveral minutes which I had taken down, ſtruck me ſo forcibly, as diametrically oppoſite to the falſe impreſſions adopted in England, that I undertook a haſty enumeration of them. Such, however, was the univerſal ſenſation which either fear, or policy had occaſioned, that when I offered the manuſcript to a well-known bookſeller in Piccadilly, on my arrival at Dover, he aſſured me that, *were I to offer him five hundred guineas, he would not be the publiſher*—I naturally ſmiled within myſelf, and offered the copy to another.

can honeſtly paſs through the ordeal of my own internal ſcrutiny, I ſhall be as deaf to abuſe and obloquy as the prejudiced are to fact and reaſon. The man who cannot ſmile at calumny, does not deſerve the ſunſhine of a guiltleſs conſcience; and *he* muſt be little calculated for public reſearches, who, on the diſcovery of truth, is afraid to ſupport her through falſhood and miſinterpretation. If I ſhould have erred in my general politics, or have drawn the picture of partial horrors in colours which diſguſt humanity, I ſhall not, I truſt, be accuſed of a ſeditious temper in the one, nor of a ſanguinary diſpoſition in the other. When the character of Macbeth, with all its concomitants of bloodſhed and remorſe, is exhibited before the public, it is to deter mankind from the commiſſion of murder; but the arguments which are uſed by the female inſtigator, do not aſſuredly inculpate the writer?—If decency had permitted me, I would have diſplayed (from a poſitive and undiſputed knowledge of the facts through the beſt local information) the moſt melancholy exceſs of ſavage indulgence upon the devoted Princeſs Lamballe, *after her deceaſe*, that ever marked barbarity. I would have done it not only to excite the indignation of all Europe—had I talents to deſerve attention—againſt the moſt diabolical faction in Paris, but likewiſe to ſhew

to

to what lamentable purpoſes an enraged multitude may be rendered ſubſervient, under a *conviction* of certain wrongs and probable treachery. The amiableneſs of virtue and humanity is frequently better ſhewn through the deformity of vice and barbarity, than by the moſt beautiful diſplay of all their attributes; and a good government derives as much ſtability from the exhibited fluctuations of a bad one, as it can by the moſt unbounded commendation on its own advantages.

The rock on which imprudence ſplits, ſhould be the mark by which experience ſteers towards ſecurity. From motives of general philanthropy, I have perhaps been partially ſevere;—but as opinion, authorized by facts, can ſeldom be erroneous, ſeverity, although diſguſting, ſhould never be miſconſtrued. Of the late unfortunate victim to imbibed averſion, and ambitious intrigues, I can only ſay that I lament his fate, becauſe his crimes, (if crimes there were) could never be his own. When the tumults of national convulſion ſhall have gradually ſubſided, juſtice, which, however long protracted, always ſtrikes at laſt, will, in the vengeance of awakened honour and humanity, reſcue his memory from all its preſent load of credited abuſes. *Sublatam virtutem*

quærimus invidi! will be the cry of the people, whilſt truth, unmaſked and undiſguiſed, ſhall point to the puſillanimous inſtigator, and exclaim—*Hic niger eſt hunc tu Romane caveto*—

Poſterity alone will ſee thoſe myſtical ſpells unravelled, which at this moment deceive and puzzle all conjecture—But whether the unfortunate Louis were guilty from perſonal deſign, or miſled by others, is a queſtion too intricate to ſolve—The curtain of a reigning and deteſted faction! is as yet too firmly held for truth and juſtice to lift it up; and however ſtrongly circumſtances may confirm belief, rigorous hiſtory, gathering facts from time, can only prove them by degrees.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAGE 9, line 4, for *diſſipaſſionate* read *diſpaſſionate*.
Page 31, line 19, for *ſorego* read *forego*.
Page 34, line 3, for *phalans* read *phalanx*.
Page 34, line 12, for *ther* read *their*.
Page 37, line 8, for *voluntary* read *voluntarily*.
Page 38, line 3, for *and* read *he*.
Page 38, line 16, for *or* read *nor*, for *eys* read *eyes*.
Page 41, in note †, for *villians* read *villains*.
Page 47, line 6, (in note) for *every* read *very*.
Page 53, line 13, between *under* and *her*, read *and*.
Page 57, line 10, for *remqrked* read *marked*.
Page 62, line 7, for *ingenuouſly* read *ingeniouſly*.
Page 67, line (laſt in note), for *ſhews* read *ſhew*.
Page 78, line 2, for *mith* read *with*.
Page 86, line 14, in note, for *Maupean* read *Maupeau*.
Page 99, line 2, for *and* read *as*.
Page 108, line 1, for *that* read *which*.
Page 110, line 19, for *ge* read *general*.
Page 112, line 1, after *means* punctum.